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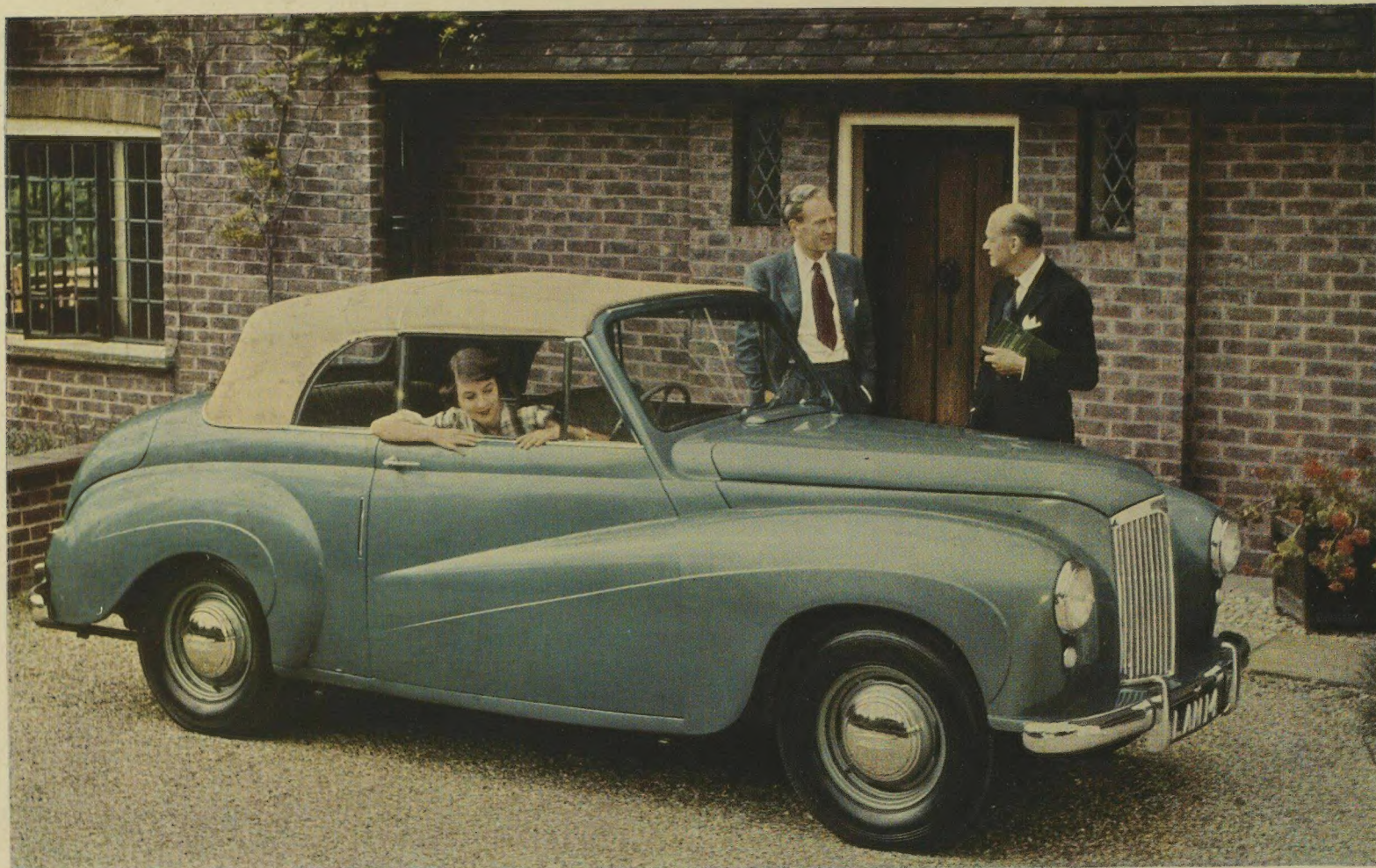
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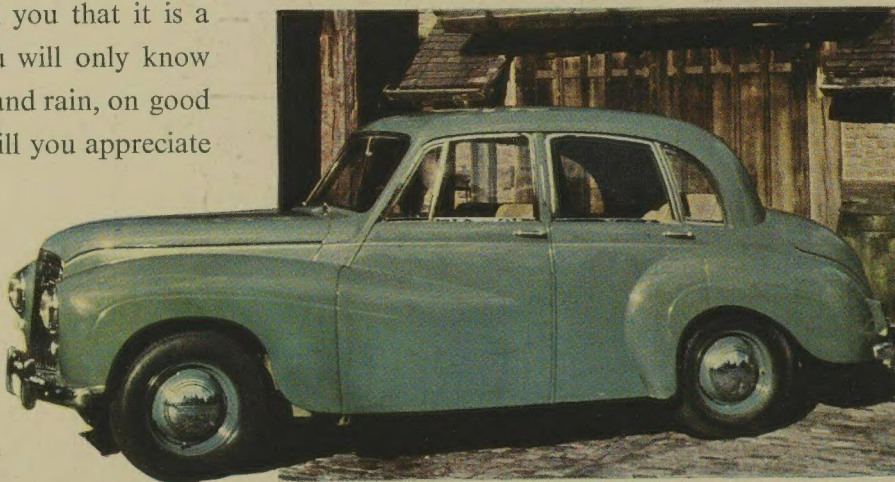


L.48

The Lanchester Fourteen is available as a coupé with power operated hood which has a smart intermediate de ville position and folds neatly away at the touch of a button, or as a luxurious saloon, upholstered in real leather and air-conditioned.

EVEN a glance at the Lanchester-Fourteen will tell you that it is a better car than most. But just *how* much better you will only know after you have driven it for many happy miles in sun and rain, on good roads and over stony tracks. Then, and only then, will you appreciate fully the skill that has gone into that grand workmanlike engine, the beautifully designed body, the superb springing. And more every day will you bless the famous fluid drive*—the smoothest transmission in any car today—and the dozens of other refinements that make the Lanchester, as the years go by, a *friend* as well as a car.

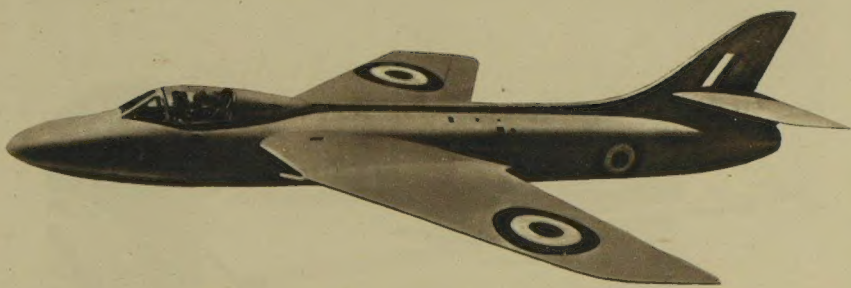
*Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents



the lively, likeable **Lanchester** *on Stand 166*

If you can't get to the Earls Court Show, but would like to know about the Lanchester Fourteen, send us a card. We will be pleased to send full technical information for your appraisal.

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Thanks to this vast iron-rich region, Canada for many decades will be able to meet the iron-ore requirements of Europe, the United

Kingdom and the great American steel mills.

Canadians have only begun to tap their country's great wealth; and in that friendly and profitable Canadian market there is a share waiting for British business.

Canada is easily reached nowadays — TCA Skyliners leave daily from London for Montreal, connecting with every important Canadian and U.S. city. The present tourist fare is the lowest ever for a trans-Atlantic flight.

FLY TCA

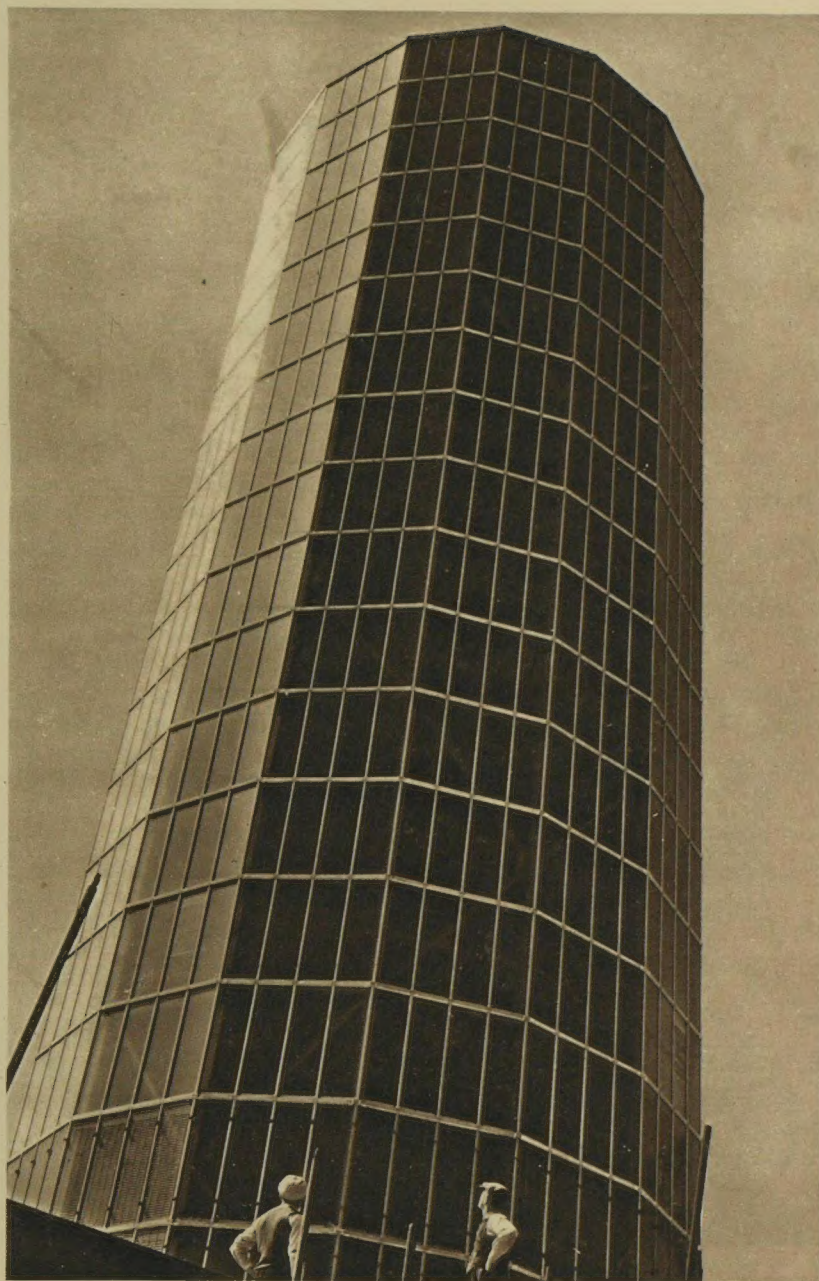


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NEW LANDMARK for London

Glass claddings are a striking feature in contemporary architectural design, and architects are finding the grace and strength of Aluminex Patent Glazing an answer to many problems; witness the hot water storage tank at the Pimlico Housing Estate in Westminster (illustrated above).

Williams & Williams, who supply Aluminex Patent Glazing are one of the biggest producers of metal windows and doors in the world. Eighteen factories in many parts of the world, as well as the great million pound plant in Chester, supply the world's markets with metal windows, metal doors, Aluminex Patent Glazing and steel pressings, such as door frames and jerricans. In thirty-five countries their agents are working with the most important architects in the world. Williams & Williams' men will be glad to come and talk to you anywhere; anytime.

Users of Williams & Williams products include:- Shannon Airport, Co. Clare, Eire • Jerusalem School, New York, U.S.A.
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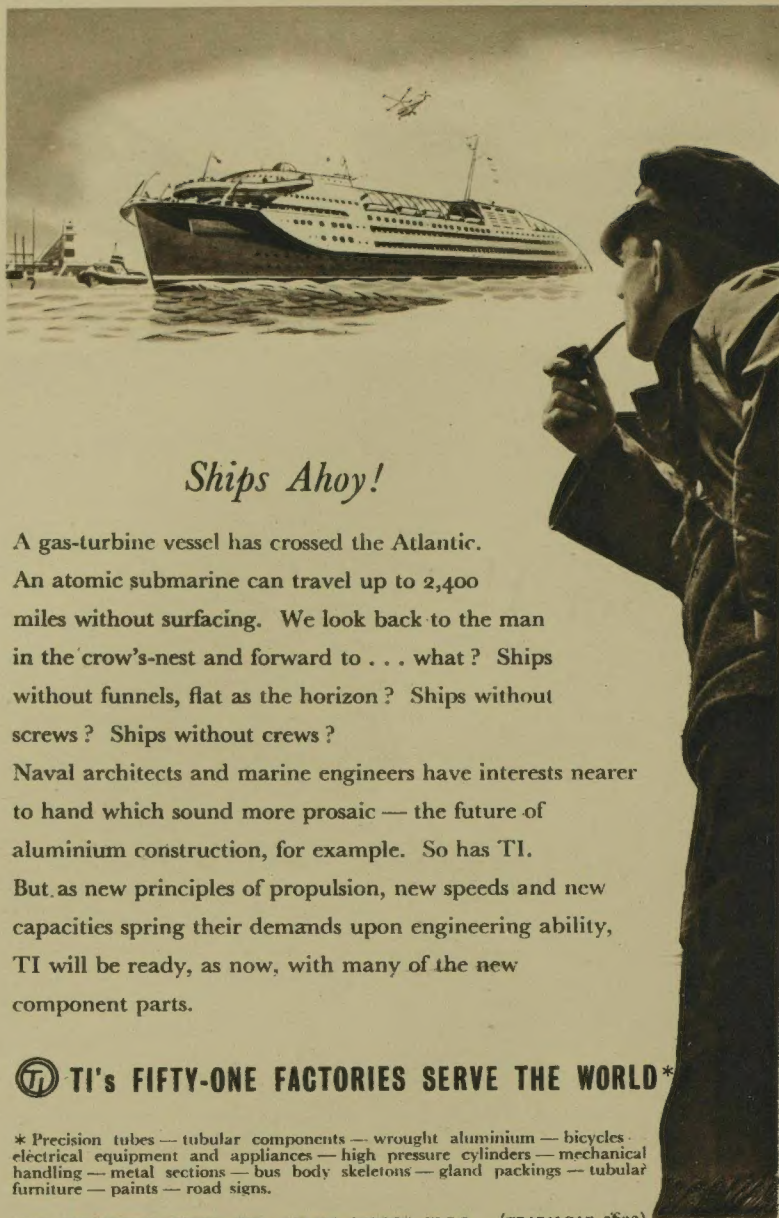
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weather protection and withstand Dry or Wet Cleaning
without the annoyance of Shrinking and Colour Fading
which is so prevalent at the present time.*

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Ships Ahoy!

A gas-turbine vessel has crossed the Atlantic.

An atomic submarine can travel up to 2,400
miles without surfacing. We look back to the man
in the crow's-nest and forward to . . . what? Ships
without funnels, flat as the horizon? Ships without
screws? Ships without crews?

Naval architects and marine engineers have interests nearer
to hand which sound more prosaic — the future of
aluminium construction, for example. So has T.I.

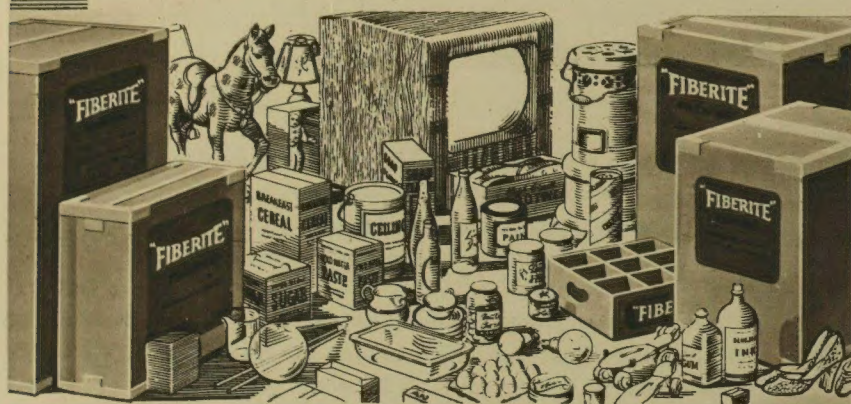
But, as new principles of propulsion, new speeds and new
capacities spring their demands upon engineering ability,
T.I. will be ready, as now, with many of the new
component parts.

T.I.'s FIFTY-ONE FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD*

* Precision tubes — tubular components — wrought aluminium — bicycles —
electrical equipment and appliances — high pressure cylinders — mechanical
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it is packed! Wise manufacturers use "FIBERITE"
packing cases, for "FIBERITE" quality is comple-
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THE CAR PEOPLE
for **ARMSTRONG - SIDDELEY**

There is always a range of these fine cars on
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price of £1000 (plus £557.I.I. p/tax) for the
famous "Whitley" saloons and "Hurricane"
coupe.

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Telephone: MUSeum 1001 (6 lines)

*"...and this is the site
for the new bay..."*



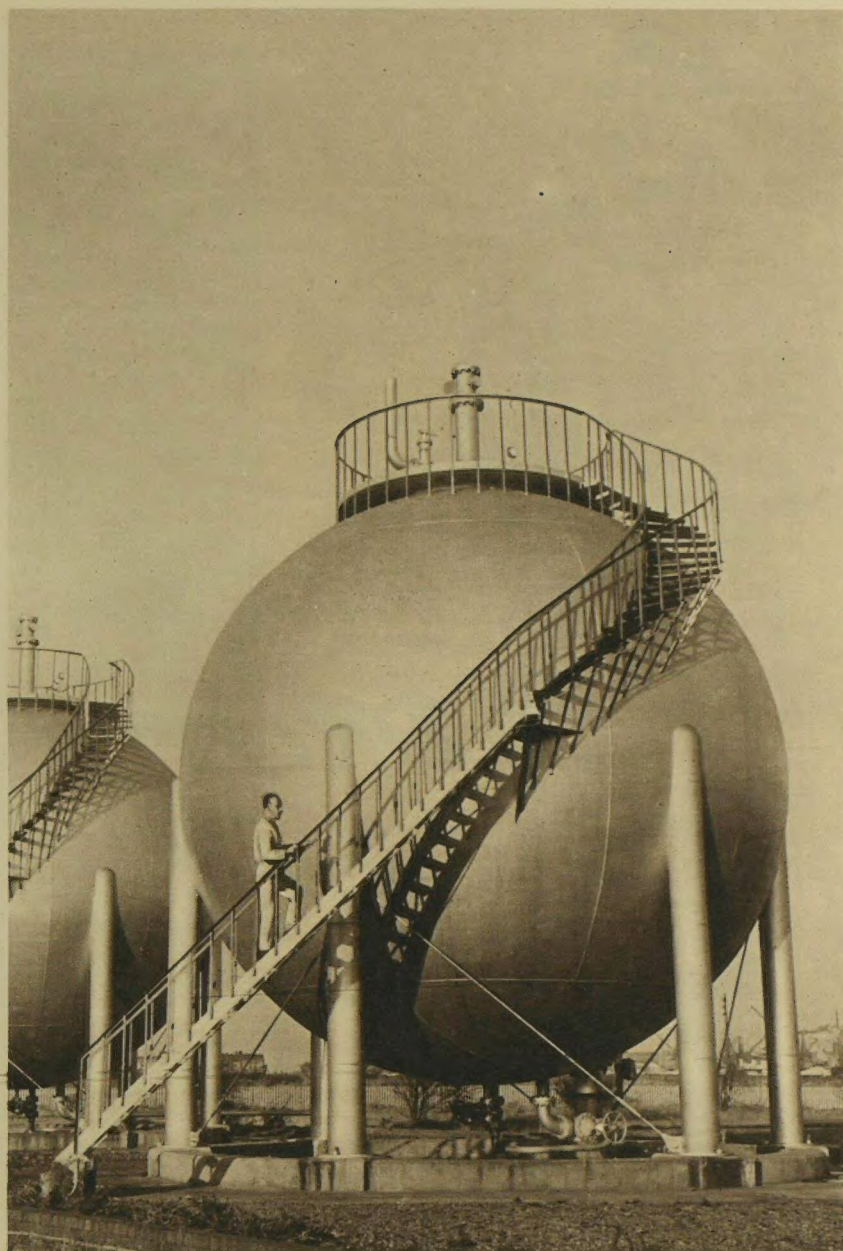
**Where Vickers
can help**

The preparation for the extension of a factory may be the first step to higher, more efficient production. The second step often rests with Vickers, for the Vickers Group is one of the great world-wide organizations which can do much to ensure the success of new developments. Companies within the Group manufacture plant for a great many industries. The design of their products, often embodying the experience of many lifetimes, goes a long way towards providing the efficiency that crowns a new industrial project with success.

Products of the Vickers Group include: INDUSTRIAL TRACTORS, SCRAPERS AND DOZERS • SURVEYING AND OPTICAL MEASURING INSTRUMENTS • CONSTRUCTIONAL STEEL WORK CEMENT MACHINERY • RUBBER AND PLASTICS PRODUCTS

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GLOBAL OPERATIONS

SYMBOLIC of Anglo-Iranian's global operations, these Hortonspheres are used for the pressure storage of liquefied butane gas in the Company's refinery at Grangemouth, Scotland. By 1953 the yearly output of Anglo-Iranian's four refineries in the United Kingdom will be some eleven and a half million tons—a valuable contribution to the country's increasing refinery capacity.

In Australia, plans are now progressing for the construction of a new refinery with a projected annual capacity of three million tons. Throughout their existing overseas refineries, Anglo-Iranian and its associated companies are rapidly increasing output to meet the world's demand for petroleum products.

THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF



THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF

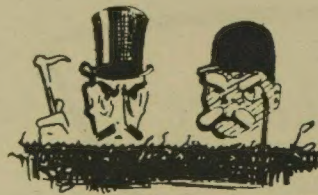
Anglo-Iranian Oil Company
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That's the style-
DRIWAY

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A GRAND 'LONG'
WITH ICED WATER



THE BASIS OF A
PERFECT 'SHORT'



That's the long and short of it!

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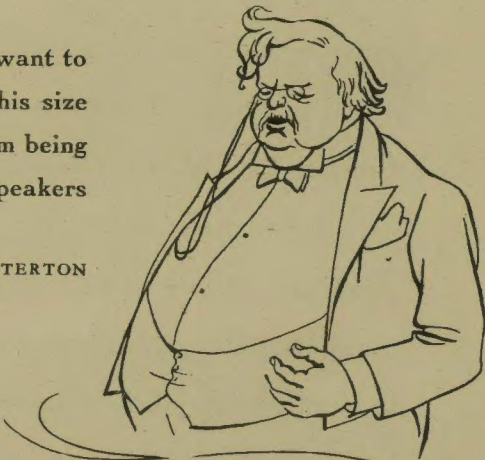
HENNESSY

THE BRANDY THAT MADE COGNAC FAMOUS

After Dinner Speeches . . .

"At the outset I want to reassure you I am not this size really. Oh dear, no! I'm being amplified by the loudspeakers here . . ."

G. K. CHESTERTON



an

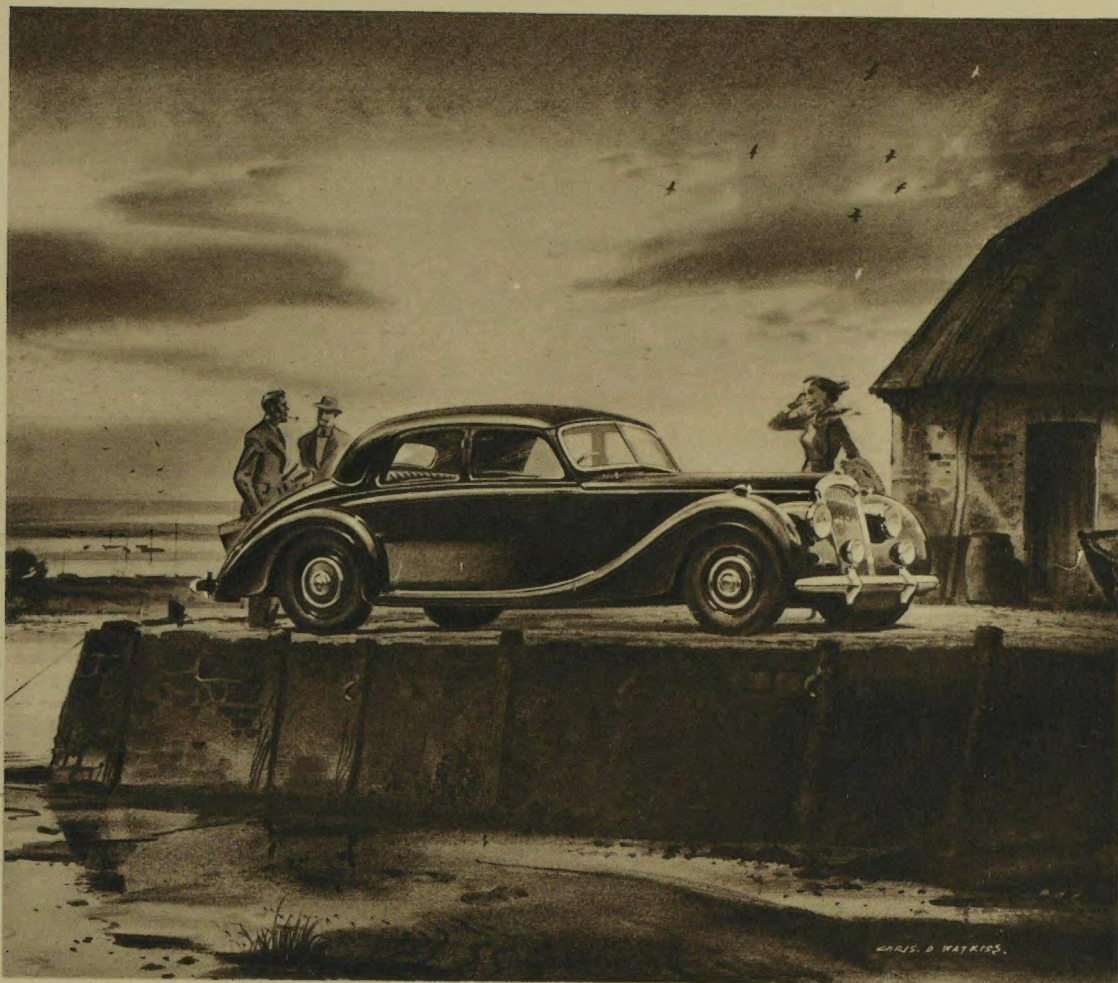
"Embassy"
cigar speaks for itself



Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

E.C.11



Under the bonnet!

"Clever chaps keep on producing new car engines" said the Colonel. "But few show exhilarating power; there's nothing to touch the Riley."

"And so it should be" said the young engineer. "Wasn't the Riley engine developed from one of the most successful racing engines ever built? And hasn't it been improved constantly?"

"You can't tell me anything about that, young man" said the Colonel. "I was winning trials events in a Riley when you were chauffeur driven in a perambulator."

2½ litre Saloon · 1½ litre Saloon

Yes, indeed!



for Magnificent Motoring

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD

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Now there's a choice, which are they choosing?
— and how can you tell?

THIS MOTORING COUPLE, faced once again with the opportunity to choose, are wisely indicating their doubts about a car without radio. They know from experience that radio today has a proper and permanent place in motoring. They know that it shortens tedious journeys and enriches enjoyable ones. They value Radio's ability to keep restless children absorbed and to allow the driver to

concentrate on his driving. They know it means pleasanter, safer,* more restful driving. They know also, that their next car is going to have "H.M.V." Car Radio and that the makers of 24 famous British cars exclusively fit and recommend it. Yours should have it too.

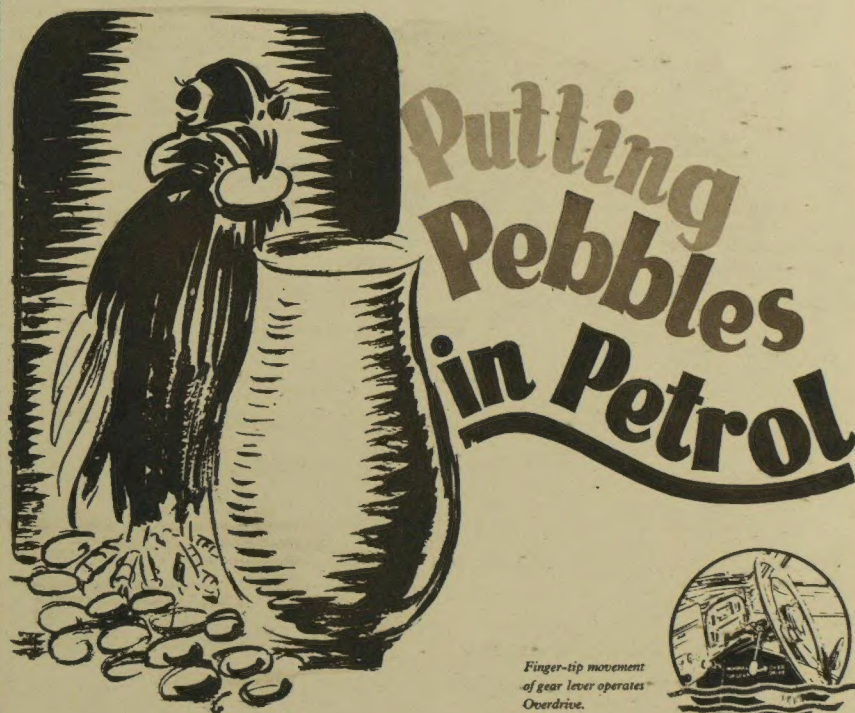
* Boredom—as well as distractions—can divert attention from the road.

AT THE MOTOR SHOW STAND No. 283

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" CAR RADIO

MARKETED BY

SMITHS RADIOMOBILE



Finger-tip movement of gear lever operates Overdrive.



No movement of foot controls whilst changing into or out of Overdrive.

Aesop's fable tells us the story of the crow who, dying of thirst, placed pebbles in a pitcher to raise the level of water to enable him to drink. This was the most natural action the crow could think of.

Now, the most natural way for a motorist to save an appreciable amount of petrol is to run a car fitted with the Laycock - de Normanville Overdrive. This Overdrive gives an assured economy of 10% plus. Not only this, but it increases the life of the engine and gives much smoother running at high cruising speeds.

The Laycock - de Normanville Overdrive is fitted as an optional extra on Standard Vanguard and Triumph Renown cars, and will soon be seen on a number of other British cars.

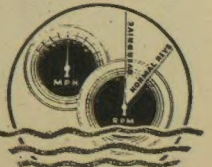
Write us and we will gladly send you full details.

The British

Laycock - de Normanville overdrive



Large decrease in engine revs. when Overdrive comes into use.



Manufactured by

LAYCOCK ENGINEERING LTD., MILLHOUSES, SHEFFIELD, 8, ENG. UNDER EXCLUSIVE LICENCE FROM AUTO TRANSMISSIONS LTD., COVENTRY, ENG.

Where lies the Land
to which yon Ship must go?
Fresh as a lark
mounting at break of day,
Festively she
puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropic suns,
or polar snow?



What boots the enquiry?
-Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her
travel where she may
She finds
familiar names, a beaten
way
Ever before her,
and a wind to blow.

William Wordsworth, 1807

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of supplying the world's most famous shipping lines.

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THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1952.



THE WORST DISASTER IN ENGLISH RAILWAY HISTORY IN WHICH 109 PERSONS WERE KILLED: PART OF THE THIRTY-FOOT-HIGH PILE OF WRECKAGE, SHOWING THE TUNNEL MADE TO REACH SOME OF THE VICTIMS.

Just before 8.20 a.m. on the morning of October 8, a semi-fast local train (from Tring to Euston) was standing at the platform in Harrow-and-Wealdstone station, partly under a footbridge over the tracks. Nearby a platform was crowded with travellers waiting for an electric train. At this point the night express from Perth to London, travelling about an hour late, entered the station at speed and ploughed into the rear of the crowded local train. Much of the wreckage of this collision

lay across the down fast line; and within a minute of the first collision, the Euston-Manchester express, also travelling at speed and about five minutes late, plunged into this wreckage. Its two locomotives were flung across the crowded platform, and the leading coaches, bursting through the footbridge, were piled high on top of the wreckage of the three trains to the height of about 30 ft. Other pictures and fuller reports of this appalling disaster appear on pages 630-633.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW days ago a small paragraph appeared in the comic column of our inimitable contemporary, "Beachcomber," headed "Straws in the Wind." It read: "The other day a maker of bitter marmalade much in demand in a country place was fined for *not using enough sugar*, and the owner of a house in the progressive Borough of St. Pancras was fined for living in his own house." Neither of these nonsensical items was invented by this great satirist of contemporary folly; both were reported a few weeks earlier in the news columns of the newspaper to which he contributes. Both are, as he so justly reminds his readers, straws in the wind and symptoms of what is becoming a commonplace in the country which used to boast of being the freest on earth. Its statesmen and publicists, indeed, still delight in stressing that Britain is a freedom-loving country. In the cause of freedom for others, and, as we are encouraged to think, for ourselves, we are shouldering at present greater burdens and incurring greater risks than we have ever known in our history before. We stand, dreadfully exposed through our overcrowded excess of population, in the front-line of the fight against totalitarian Power, ready to sacrifice ourselves to the last man and penny to preserve the common liberties of man in the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, South and Central America, and others places where the liberties of the individual are to-day far more extensive than our own. Yet all the while, though our rulers—if their deeds or lack of deeds, and not their words, are to be taken as the criterion—

seem indifferent to the fact, our own freedom is narrowing. A few wartime controls have been relaxed, as the material losses and shortage caused by the war have been made good, but by and large the principle has been applied, and is still being applied, to the Government of the United Kingdom that the Civil Servant knows what is best for the individual and that the individual's duty is to obey and rely implicitly on the Civil Servant. This is the exact opposite of the principle which in the course of ten centuries or more created the political and individual liberty which used to be—and still is—our greatest national boast, and which we

have transmitted to so large a part, including all the most prosperous parts, of the globe. This historic home of human freedom is every year becoming more and more like a reformatory school, albeit at present a very kindly and humanely conducted reformatory school, not without plenty of occasional liberties, outings and holidays. Yet even these, I notice, are dwindling over the years. It is not in the nature of a bureaucracy possessing absolute power to do anything but constrict the liberties of the subject. And Parliament, which through an overstrained development of the Party system has become the mouthpiece, rather than the master of our bureaucracy, to-day allows the latter in many matters almost absolute power. The consequence is inevitable. A man may not make for his neighbours the kind of marmalade they like to eat, even though it saves expensive imports to do so, unless that marmalade is the kind of marmalade that conforms to an approved bureaucratic pattern of uniformity. A man may not live in his own house unless it, too, conforms to the same imposed pattern of uniformity. The vast majority of our bureaucrats, high and low alike, are quite unaware of what they are doing, of the strait-jacket they are forcing on the English soul and character, of the way in which they are, little by little, reversing the whole progressive course of our national history and development. They are merely, and automatically, acting as bureaucracies with absolute power do, and almost inevitably must, act. The blame is not theirs. It is the politicians' and that of those who elect the politicians—that is, we!

What are we going to do about it? What can we do about it? First, we must try to recover the old English—and British—belief that freedom is in itself a worth-while thing, because, however illogical, untidy and unsatisfactory some of its immediate fruits, it is educative and feeds and

enlarges the virtue of the individual. "Ah! Freedom," wrote a Scottish poet 600 years ago,

"is a noble thing!
Fredome mayse man to haif liking;
Fredome all solace to man giffis,
He livis at ese that frely livis!
A noble hart may haif nane ese,
Na-ellys nocht that may him plesse,
Gif fredome fail'th; for fre liking
Is yharnit ouer all othir thing."

We must teach ourselves, and others, the old lesson that our fathers learnt over the centuries that, other things being equal, it is *always* better to let a man choose for himself than to choose for him, and that it is very often better to let him do so even when things are not equal. "From this neglect of subordination," wrote that high Tory but true lover of English freedom, Dr. Johnson, of certain of the trials that eighteenth-century liberty brought in its train, "I do not deny that some inconveniences may from time to time proceed. The power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence or maintain the proper distinction between ranks. But good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain in peace of the insolence of the populace, must remember that their insolence in peace is bravery in war." Eighteenth-century popular liberty, and licence, for instance,

even though it resulted in part of the City of London being burnt down by a mob, gave us Canada and India and the mastery of the seas. It won us Plassey and the Heights of Abraham and Trafalgar.

For, though bureaucrats, who live by paper, invariably forget the fact, human virtue, activity and initiative are the mainspring and source of all wealth. They alone maintain, as the collapse of Roman civilisation proved, even the order and tidiness which are the bureaucrats' utopia. The worth of the State, wrote John Stuart Mill, is the worth of the individuals composing it. "A State which dwarfs its men in order that they

may be more docile instruments in its hands, even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished."

Paradoxically, it was the very triumph of the English passion for individual freedom that caused the present reaction against it. During the early nineteenth century the claim that a man should be free to make whatever bargain with his fellows he chose led, through the effects of mechanical invention, to the loss by millions of humble Englishmen of a satisfying social background. Driven by the competition of machinery to the new factories—themselves the product of British freedom of thought and enterprise—they were crowded into squalid industrial towns, divorced from most of the influences that had made their forefathers loyal subjects and industrious workers. Their discontent, and the indignation of many of their better-off countrymen at their plight, resulted in a demand for a drastic exercise of authority by the State to restore social justice. This movement, which has been gathering momentum in Britain for the past three-quarters of a century, has resulted in our present Welfare State. But after eighty years of "Socialist" legislation, carried out by all political parties when in power, not only have those excessive economic injustices and inequalities been remedied that deprived the humble man of real liberty and so led to an attack on abstract liberty, but the process has been, automatically and unthinkingly, carried to an extreme which is imperilling everything that Britain has achieved over the centuries. The first need to-day is that, regardless of Party, class or calling, we should pause, reflect and take stock. When we can bring ourselves to do so, I have little doubt what the answer will be. We shall return to the principle which made us great, whose love is deeply implanted in our instincts, and whose practise will once more make us great.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY CONGRESS IN MOSCOW.



ADDRESSING THE NINETEENTH CONGRESS OF THE SOVIET COMMUNIST PARTY IN THE GREAT PALACE OF THE KREMLIN: MR. MALENKOV, SECRETARY OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY. MARSHAL STALIN CAN BE SEEN SITTING BEHIND HIM (LEFT).

Marshal Stalin and members of the Politburo of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union attended the opening of the nineteenth congress in Moscow on October 5. The proceedings opened with a speech by Mr. Molotov, Deputy Premier and member of the Politburo. The congress also heard a report by Mr. Malenkov. The two main points on the agenda were the approval of directives for a new five-year plan and the revision of party rules. The congress, the first to be held since 1939, was stated to be the largest gathering of international Communist leaders since the war. In his speech on October 5 Mr. Malenkov appealed to non-Communist countries to break away from the United States and remain neutral in the cold war. He accused the United States of trying to "exploit and enslave" Britain and France by its imperialistic policy. Our photograph showing Mr. Malenkov making his report to the party congress also shows (l. to r.) Front row: Marshal Stalin; Mr. Kaganovich; Mr. Molotov; Marshal Voroshilov; Mr. Krushchev; Marshal Beria and Marshal Bulganin. (Second row) Mr. Aristov; Mr. Bagirov; Mr. Kuusinen; Mr. Andryanov; Mr. Nyazov; Mr. Korotchenko; Mr. Shyakhmeitov and Mr. Patolychev.

THE OPENING OF A WINTER CAMPAIGN: NEW ASPECTS OF THE KOREAN FRONT.



A COMMUNIST HILLTOP STRONGHOLD IN KOREA SEEN ACROSS A VALLEY FROM THE UNITED NATIONS FRONT LINE, ONCE AGAIN ACTIVE.



AMERICAN TROOPS AND A TRACKED PERSONNEL CARRIER, LADEN WITH PREPARED LOGS, MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE TOP OF "OLD BALDY" —TO REINFORCE EMPLACEMENTS ON THAT HILLTOP.



FROM A MINARET MADE FROM AMMUNITION BOXES AND PAINTED "WAR GREEN," A UNIFORMED MUEZZIN CALLS THE FAITHFUL TO PRAYER AT THE H.Q. OF THE TURKISH INFANTRY BRIGADE.



AN IMPROVED "ROCKET BATTERY," DEVISED FROM FOUR BAZOOKAS ON A MOBILE MOUNTING, WITH THE AMERICAN OFFICER WHO INVENTED IT FOR USE ON THE KOREAN WAR FRONT.



"WONDERFUL PEOPLE, THESE AMERICANS . . ." A HEAVILY-LADEN KOREAN FARMER PUZZLES OVER AN AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION SLOGAN.



AN ATTEMPT TO UNDERMINE MORALE IN A STATIC WAR: A COMMUNIST SLOGAN, WHICH HAD BEEN DISPLAYED IN A FORWARD CHINESE POSITION, CAPTURED BY AMERICAN TROOPS.

With the opening of wintry weather in Korea about the beginning of October, the Communist troops began a series of fierce assaults on strong-points along about two-thirds of the front. Many of these attacks were mounted in force and called for fierce counter-attacks. Many positions were captured and re-captured, but at the date of writing there was reported to be no dent in the United Nations line. Eventually the majority of the fighting was concentrated

on "Whitehorse Hill," a position north-west of Chorwon, dominating the invasion route to Seoul. The battle for this hill, which by midnight on October 11/12 had been going on continuously for six days, was between Chinese (who were reported to have had 9000 casualties) and South Korean troops, and the summit had changed hands at that date twenty-three times, in a manner which recalled some of the Flanders engagements of 1914-18.

POLITICAL QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY, AND A FIRST WORLD WAR MEMORIAL.



DURING A RAILWAY ELECTION CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE FAR WEST, IN WHICH HE HAS MADE AN ALL-OUT ATTACK ON GENERAL EISENHOWER: PRESIDENT TRUMAN IN OHIO.

The most marked feature of the Presidential Election campaign in the United States has been the entry into the arena of President Truman, who has been on a railway tour of the Far West, making a great number of effective speeches at whistle-stops. He has attacked General Eisenhower with increasing bitterness, and a Republican "Truth Squad" is following behind him, with the intention of rebutting his charges.



PART OF THE CROWD OF 15,000 TO 17,000 WHICH GATHERED IN SACRAMENTO, THE STATE CAPITAL OF CALIFORNIA, TO HEAR THE ELECTION SPEECH OF GENERAL EISENHOWER, THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE, FROM THE PLATFORM, LEFT.



UNVEILED ON OCTOBER 11 BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER: THE MONS MEMORIAL TO BRITISH AND CANADIAN SOLDIERS KILLED IN THE FIRST AND THE LAST BATTLES OF THE 1914-18 WAR.



Field Marshal Lord Alexander, the British Minister of Defence, unveiled the memorial on the highest ground of Mons to the British and Canadian soldiers who lost their lives in the first and last battles of the 1914-18 War. The inscription, composed by Mr. Churchill, recalls that on August 23-24, 1914, the B.E.F. held in check the German forces, and that on Armistice Day, 1918, after sixty hours of severe fighting, the Canadian Division entered Mons.

LAYING A WREATH ON THE MONS MEMORIAL TO BRITISH AND CANADIAN SOLDIERS, WHICH BEARS AN INSCRIPTION COMPOSED BY MR. CHURCHILL: KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS. BRITISH AND BELGIAN VETERANS MARCHED TOGETHER TO THE UNVEILING.



AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: DELEGATES OF THE SUDAN UNITED FRONT, FAVOURING UNION WITH EGYPT—MOHAMED AMIN HUSSEIN, YAHIA EL-FADLY, KHIDR OMAR, MIRGHANI HAMZA, DR. ALI URU, DARDIRI AHMED ISMAIL AND MUBARRAK ZARROUC.

On Saturday, October 11, Mr. Eden saw Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, the Sudan religious and political leader, and his son Sayed Sadiq el Mahdi, who is President of the Umma (Independence) party, and the Minister of Education, Abdel Rahman Ali Taha. Later he met a delegation of seven of their political



ARRIVING AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE ON OCTOBER 11 FOR HIS TALK WITH MR. EDEN: SAYED SIR ABDEL RAHMAN EL MAHDI, THE SUDAN RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL LEADER.

opponents, the United Front, which favours union with Egypt. Abdel Rahman Ali Taha said the meeting with Mr. Eden had been satisfactory. The Umma delegation are due to leave England on October 19, and are to have conversations with General Neguib shortly.

"THE HORSE OF THE YEAR": SOME WINNERS AT A BRILLIANT HARRINGAY SHOW.



MR. W. HANSON ON *SNOWSTORM*, WHICH WON THE TITLE OF LEADING SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR. HE WON IN A SECOND JUMP-OFF FROM MR. HAYES ON *PLANET*.



MASTER TOM BARNES ON *MUNDEN MAGPIE*, WHICH WON THE TITLE OF LEADING JUVENILE SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR. SECOND WAS MISS V. DENNISTOUN ON *ROB ROY*.



IN THE BEAUFORT STAKES, MR. A. BEARD ON MISS DOROTHY PAGET'S *EFOREGIOT*. HE ALONE DID A CLEAR ROUND IN 41 2/5 SECS. TO WIN.



LADY HELENE BERRY PRESENTING THE *DAILY GRAPHIC* "VICTOR LUDORUM" CUP TO MR. PETER ROBESON ON *CRAVEN A*, WHO WON AFTER A THIRD JUMP-OFF.



THE TWO WINNERS OF THE HARRINGAY SPURS FOR JUMPING UNDER F.E.I. RULES: (LEFT) COLONEL LLEWELLYN ON *MONTY* AND (RIGHT) MR. S. HAYES ON *PLANET*.



THE WINNER OF THE COMBINED TRAINING CUP (DRESSAGE AND JUMPING): MISS J. KENDALL ON *BRIGHT PROSPECT* (BENENDEN RIDING ESTABLISHMENT) RECEIVING THE CUP.



THE WORKING HUNTER OF THE YEAR: *LANHILL*, OWNED AND RIDDEN BY MR. J. WATNEY, THE JOINT-MASTER OF THE BLACKMORE VALE HUNT.



WINNER OF THE CHILDREN'S RIDING PONY OF THE YEAR AND THE SUMMERHAYS CHALLENGE CUP: MISS J. BULLEN ON *ROYAL SHOW*, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM MRS. SUMMERHAYS.



MISS PAT SMYTHE ON *TOSCA*, THE WINNER OF THE B.S.J.A. SPURS FOR THE THIRD TIME, RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM MR. FRANCIS S. GENTLE.

The fourth Horse of the Year Show opened at Harringay Arena on October 8, and the entries were 1685 against 1420 last year. They included entries from Ireland, France, Spain and Northern Ireland, and for the first time since the war a German team was competing in the jumping events. Besides the standard events, the chief features of the first day were the Heavy Horses Teams Parade (a musical drive in slow time) and the Horse Personalities of 1952 Parade, in

which Lady Wentworth's Arabian mare *Shades of Night* and her twin foals *Dancing Sunlight* and *Dancing Shadows* stole the show. October 9 was marked by the mounted Quadrille by members of the Vornholtz stud from Germany. On the Friday there was the combined training, or elementary dressage followed by jumping; while the last day, Saturday, October 11, saw the finals of various cups and many of the children's competitions.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

**SIR HUGH ROBERTSON.**

Died in Glasgow on October 7, aged seventy-nine. Sir Hugh Robertson founded the Glasgow Orpheus Choir in 1906, conducted it for forty-five years, and built it up till it was known in Britain, Canada and the U.S.A. It performed before King George and Queen Mary in 1928. Sir Hugh composed choral music and arranged traditional Scottish airs.



BUILDING UP THE DEFENCES OF THE WEST: TOP-RANKING OFFICERS AT S.H.A.P.E.
Our photograph shows (l. to r.), front row: General Matthew B. Ridgway, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe; Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe; Back-row: Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, R.A.F., Air Deputy to Supreme Allied Commander, Europe; General A. M. Gruenther, U.S.A., Chief of Staff, S.H.A.P.E.; Lieut-General Jean E. Valluy, French Army, Deputy Chief of Staff, Logistics and Administration, S.H.A.P.E.; Vice-Admiral A. G. Lemonnier, French Navy, Naval Deputy to Supreme Allied Commander, Europe; Air Vice-Marshal E. C. Hudleston, R.A.F., Deputy Chief of Staff, Plans and Operations, S.H.A.P.E.

**LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR IAN JACOB.**

Appointed Director-General of the B.B.C. as from December 1. Lieut-General Sir Ian Jacob (born 1899) was Military Assistant Secretary to the War Cabinet, 1939-46. He was appointed Director of Overseas Services, B.B.C., in 1947, and temporarily released to become Chief Staff Officer to the Minister of Defence and Deputy Secretary (Mil.) of the Cabinet in May.

**COLONEL JOHN HUNT.**

Appointed to lead the British expedition which is being organised to make a further assault on Mount Everest in 1953. Colonel John Hunt, of Knighton, Radnorshire, is a serving Army officer who has taken part in three private expeditions to the Himalayas in 1935, 1937 and 1940. Aged forty-two, he is a well-known mountaineer.

**LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR NEVIL BROWNJOHN.**

Appointed Chief Staff Officer to the Minister of Defence and Deputy Secretary (Mil.) of the Cabinet with effect from December 1. Aged fifty-five, Lieut-General Sir Nevil Brownjohn became Vice-Quartermaster-General at the War Office in April 1949, and in February 1950 Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He served with distinction in both World Wars.



WOUNDED IN A SHOOTING INCIDENT: LADY DERBY, SEEN WITH LORD DERBY IN PARIS.

Following an incident on October 9 at Knowsley Hall, Lancashire, in which a butler and under-butler were shot dead and Lady Derby received a superficial wound, a footman, Harold Winstanley, aged nineteen, was charged with murder and remanded in custody. Lady Derby was detained at Liverpool Royal Infirmary.

**MR. HENRY BURTON, Q.C.**

Killed in the railway disaster at Harrow on October 8. Born in 1907, he was educated at Manchester Grammar School and Merton College, Oxford. Called to the Bar in 1930, he took silk last year. In the Court of Appeal on October 9, Lord Justice Singleton paid a moving tribute to Mr. Burton.

**MR. WILLIAM A. DAVIES.**

The Queen has approved that a knighthood be conferred upon Mr. W. A. Davies, Q.C., upon his appointment as a Judge of the High Court of Justice. Mr. Davies, who is fifty-one, was called to the Bar in 1925, and took silk in 1947. He will be attached to the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.

**DR. DOMINGO A. DERISI.**

Has been appointed Argentine Ambassador in succession to Señor Carlos A. Hogan. Dr. Derisi has been the general representative abroad of the Argentine National Meat Board. He was Agricultural Attaché at the Argentine Embassy in London from 1942 to 1948, and later Commercial Attaché.

**SIR MAURICE GWYER.**

Died suddenly on October 12, aged seventy-four. He was the first Chief Justice of the Indian Federal Court and Vice-Chancellor of Delhi University, 1938-50. He was Procurator General and Solicitor to the Treasury, 1926-33, and First Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, 1934-37.



THE RESIGNATION OF THE WAFD LEADER: MUSTAFA EL NAHAS (RIGHT) RECEIVING A FAREWELL SALUTE.

On October 6 the Wafd announced that Nahas had given up the party leadership and that the Wafd would comply with the Government's decree for purge and reorganisation. Nahas has been appointed "an honorary president for life." Abdel Salaam Gomaa, designated as Nahas's successor, can be seen (centre).



APPOINTED LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD: THE EARL OF SCARBROUGH.

Appointed Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household in succession to Lord Clarendon. Lord Scarborough, who was born in 1896, succeeded his uncle as 11th Earl in 1945. Last year he was elected Grand Master of English Freemasonry in succession to the late Duke of Devonshire. He was Governor of Bombay from 1937 to 1943, and Parliamentary Under-Secretary for India and Burma in 1945. He was Conservative M.P. for Hull (E.), 1922-29; and for York, 1931-37.



RECEIVING THE CHURCHILL GOLD MEDAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS: AIR COMMODORE SIR FRANK WHITTLE (LEFT), PIONEER OF THE JET ENGINE.
Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle, the pioneer of the jet engine, is the first recipient of the new Churchill Gold Medal of the Society of Engineers. The award was presented to him on October 6 by Mr. R. S. V. Barber, President of the Society, at a meeting at Burlington House. Sir Frank Whittle had received a letter of congratulation from Mr. Churchill, expressing regret that he was not able to make the presentation in person.



RESIGNED: THE EARL OF CLARENDON, WHO HAS BEEN LORD CHAMBERLAIN SINCE 1938.

It was announced on October 10 that the Queen had accepted the resignation of the Earl of Clarendon as Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household. Lord Clarendon, who is seventy-five, was appointed Lord Chamberlain by the late King in 1938. It is understood that, in view of the heavy duties in Coronation Year, Lord Clarendon's medical advisers recommended him to ask the Queen to relieve him of his appointment. He was Governor-General and C.-in-C. Union, of South Africa, 1931-37.

SURVEY AND PROGRAMME AT THE CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE: SOME LEADING PARTY PERSONALITIES AT SCARBOROUGH.



ARRIVING FOR THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE AT SCARBOROUGH: MRS. CHURCHILL (CENTRE) WITH MRS. DUNCAN SANDYS (LEFT) AND LORD WOOLTON, WHO LATER WAS OPERATED ON FOR APPENDICITIS.



MR. ANTHONY EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, WITH HIS WIFE (THE FORMER MISS CLARISSA CHURCHILL), AT SCARBOROUGH FOR THE CONFERENCE.



"THERE IS A GENERAL FEELING IN THE WORLD THAT ON THE WHOLE THE DANGER OF WORLD WAR HAS RECEDED SINCE WE BECAME RESPONSIBLE": MR. CHURCHILL ADDRESSING THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE AT SCARBOROUGH ON OCTOBER 11.

THE Conservative Party Conference opened on October 9 at Scarborough under the chairmanship of Captain C. Waterhouse, M.P. The platform was decorated with the Union Flag and the new party banner, a rampant lion and the slogan "Winning Through." The conference was marked, as a whole, with confidence and unity, but without undue optimism. The principal speakers, on the first day, were Mr. Butler who promised a "tougher year" ahead; Lord Alexander, who affirmed that although the situation had improved, "We must keep up our end in the cold war"; and Mr. Eden, who surveyed the world situation and thought that it was true that the danger was lessening and that "We are now entering on a period of cold peace." The second day was marked by speeches by Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Minister of Transport, who spoke of the forthcoming Transport Bill; by Mr. Peter Thornycroft, President of the Board of Trade; and Mr. Harold Macmillan, Minister of Housing, who reaffirmed the target of 300,000 houses a year. The Conference closed on October 11, after Mr. Churchill's cheerful and restrained review of achievement and "the definite improvement in British affairs at home and also in our position in the world."



ALTHOUGH NOT TAKING SO PESSIMISTIC A VIEW AS SOME CRITICS, "IN MY OPINION NEXT YEAR IS GOING TO BE TOUGHER THAN THIS, NOT ONLY FOR THE PARTY BUT FOR THE COUNTRY": THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. BUTLER. AT SCARBOROUGH.



"THERE HAS BEEN A CONSIDERABLE AND MARKED IMPROVEMENT IN OUR SECURITY AND INTERNATIONAL STANDING DURING THE PAST YEAR": FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER, THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE, SPEAKING AT THE SCARBOROUGH CONFERENCE.

GEORGE II.'S COURT THROUGH HERVEY'S EYES.

"LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS." EDITED By ROMNEY SEDGWICK.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WHEN I have enjoyed a volume I dislike saying that its title is a misnomer. But the title of this one definitely is. The uninstructed purchaser might suppose that he was acquiring the whole of Lord Hervey's Memoirs, in so far as they survive—his family destroyed two years of his records for reasons which I can merely conjecture. But no: as soon as the purchaser has opened the book he will encounter this in the Introduction: "Hervey was not merely a courtier but an active politician and a prominent speaker in Parliament. The bulk of his 'Memoirs' is concerned with Parliamentary debates, foreign affairs and other matters of importance in their time, but now of purely historical interest. But the living parts are those which describe the interior of the Palace and it is of these, amounting to about a third of the whole, that the present edition consists." In other words, the volume might reasonably have been entitled "Scenes from Hervey," or "Episodes from Hervey" or "Glimpses of the Court of George II.," but not "Lord Hervey's Memoirs." For a great deal of Hervey's Memoirs is of what Mr. Sedgwick calls "purely historical interest," and which other people might call "historical interest" or even "great historical interest." And the omission of that part does certainly truncate the portraits of various persons in the narrative, notably that of Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister for a "record" number of years. Sir Robert, astute, blunt, crafty, Rabelaisian, is shown here as being almost entirely concerned with managing King George II. through his intelligent Queen, Caroline, and his main political problem as the allowances to be paid to the Royal Family, and especially Frederick, Prince of Wales—of whom most people remember no more than that he died through being hit by a cricket-ball and that a rhymester wrote an epitaph on him on the lines of "It might have been his father, It might have been his brother, It might have been his sister, It might have been another . . . But since it is poor Fred, Who was alive and is dead, There's no more to be said." I quote from memory; but that's the thing in the rough.

Sir Robert, although he certainly had to manipulate his monarch, and, fortunately, had his Queen's ear, had plenty of occupation outside the Royal Palaces. He had a difficult House of Commons, largely Jacobite (none the less so because the King blatantly preferred docile German Hanover to this turbulent

lynx-like eye, an infallible gift for selecting significant details, and a great talent for crystallising his observations and reflections in hard, laconic sentences.

Not, in spite of his handsome face and his acute brain, a very attractive man. Pope, whose genius for phraseology was such that, when he took offence at real or fancied affronts, he was able to make people contemptible in the eyes of all posterity who possibly didn't deserve it, wrote a passage about him which is as freely quoted in the histories of literature as his



LORD HERVEY, WITH THE VICE-CHAMBERLAIN'S KEY, ABOUT 1730.

Reproduced from a painting at Ickworth.

John Hervey, Lord Hervey of Ickworth, was born in 1696 and died in 1743. He wrote detailed memoirs of the Court of George II. from 1727 to 1737 which were preserved by the family and published in 1848 under the editorship of J. W. Croker. Some twenty years ago an uncensored and complete manuscript was discovered by the editor, Mr. Romney Sedgwick, in the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle, and printed in a limited edition. It is now being introduced to a wider public in the book which is reviewed on this page.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Lord Hervey's Memoirs"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, William Kimber.

description, under the name of Atticus, of Addison, who was certainly a more admirable character than Pope himself. "Sporus that mere white curd of ass's milk," "This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings," "A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest": these are the sort of phrases which embellish the memory of poor Lord Hervey who, had he lived long enough, might have become Prime Minister. Some of his enemies' accusations are palpably absurd. They doubted, for example, his sex. Well, he married the famous beauty and toast "Molly" Lepel, and, although he doesn't seem to have devoted much time or thought to her, the fact that he had eight children by her does seem to indicate that he must have seen her occasionally, and that there was no question about his sex. Of his tact it is sufficient evidence that after his break with the Prince of Wales he was able to retain the confidence of their Majesties, especially the Queen, of Sir Robert (who had a son, Horace, with a certain dainty resemblance to Hervey), and of the best of the family, the decent, modest Princess Caroline, who seems actually to have loved him, and who, in her declining years, devoted all her spare monies to charities, and especially to the relief of poor prisoners in the gaols. And, as a writer (although the shade of Pope may spit with hate when I say it), he had the accuracy, the vigour and the venom of Pope himself. Had it occurred to him to become a novelist (and the trade of novelist had hardly started in his time) he might have been regarded as the illustrious precursor of Flaubert and Maupassant.

The most memorable and ghastly pages—brutally realistic, remorselessly selective, the etcher's burin turning at times into a scalpel—in this book are those which describe the lingering death of poor Queen Caroline. She had had a rupture which she had fiercely concealed for years. Then she developed something which may have been a cancer in the bowel. Surgeons cut her. Physicians gave her potions. Every time they gave her a potion she returned it at once; so they simply tried another potion. Her

bedroom was always crowded; if Hervey wasn't in the room he was snatching a little sleep on a sofa in the next room. He saw and recorded it all.

The tortured Queen was utterly brave. She, with immeasurably greater intelligence and decency than her husband, had been brought up as an obedient German Hausfrau and stood it to the last. "It is not necessary," says Hervey, "to examine whether the Queen's reasoning was good or bad in wishing the King, in case she died, should marry again. It is certain she did wish it, had often said so when he was present, and when he was not present, and when she was in health, and gave it now as her advice to him when she was dying; upon which his sobs began to rise and his tears to fall with double vehemence. Whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes, and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: 'Non—j'aurai—des—mattresses.' To which the Queen made no other reply than: 'Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas.' I know this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true."

What a picture of a great, blubbing gawk of a King: how fantastic that these two Germans, in England, should have been talking to each other in French! King George's death-bed vow that he would have only mistresses in future, in honour of his wife, is not surprising in view of his former record. When he found a Madame Waldboden in Hanover he wrote enthusiastically to his wife about the charms and attainments of his new mistress: he thought his wife ought to be delighted because he had picked such a winner. She wasn't delighted at all, but she stuck it. She stuck also his attitude towards his son. We might have known more about "Poor Fred" had the Hervey family not destroyed those records. It was traditional in that family for the son to be at loggerheads with his father: and, after all, it is understandable that a German son should detest a German father. The Queen, as a German wife, perpetually referred to her son as a beast and a monster, and wouldn't even see him on her death-bed. I can't help thinking that she obediently took her tyrannical husband's view, and abandoned her first-born.

George I. was bad enough. George II. was almost unbelievable. He was brave on the battlefield: he proved that at Oudenarde and Dettingen. There is no saying more silly than that which states that "a bully is always a coward": centuries of Germans rise up against that maxim. But King George was as inflated in his own importance as Hitler; he thought of England as an inherited province which he had an



GEORGE II. (1683-1760). KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By Louis François Roubiliac. Reproduced from the bust at Windsor Castle.

country, quite foreign to him), to cope with, and, caring for peace, had to keep a constant eye on the equivoque of foreign affairs. Little of all that appears here. We are given a succession of Court Vignettes. Mr. Sedgwick has chosen his passages perfectly: and Hervey is revealed as a supreme artist, with a



CAROLINE OF ANSPACH. WIFE OF KING GEORGE II. BORN IN 1683 AND DIED IN 1737.

By John Michael Rysbrack. From the bust in the Wallace Collection.

undisputed right to boss; and he regarded his sensible and noble—although Teutonically coarse in her language—wife as a useful accessory to his Imperial career.

"Poor woman" is the phrase which comes to one's tongue after reading the story of her long, gay martyrdom.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 644 of this issue.

* "Lord Hervey's Memoirs." Edited from a copy of the original manuscript in the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle. By Romney Sedgwick. Four illustrations. (William Kimber; 25s.)

MASTERPIECES BY AMATEUR CRAFTSMEN FOR THE MODEL ENGINEER EXHIBITION.



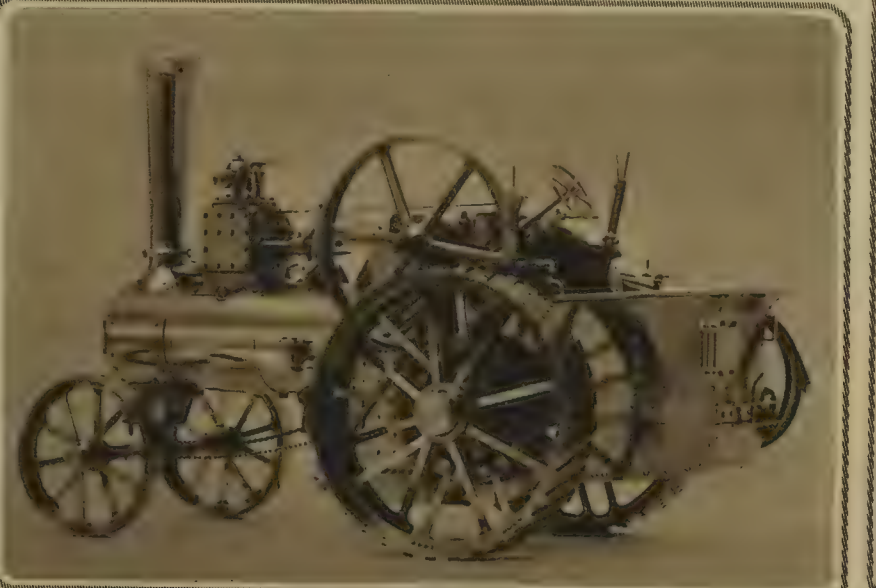
A RADIO-CONTROLLED CABIN CRUISER: THE *IVY MAY*, MADE BY MR. A. T. TROTTER. SHE IS 4-FT. LONG AND HAS MADE A TRIP OF 3½ MILES ON THE NORFOLK BROADS. SHE IS CONSTRUCTED ON A SCALE OF 1/24 AND IS VALUED AT £80.



H.M.S. *COSSACK* IN MINIATURE. THIS MODEL, MADE BY MR. HERBERT MACKLIN ON THE 3-MM. TO 1-FT. SCALE, COMMEMORATES THE FEAT OF ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP VIAN WHEN, AS COMMANDER OF THE DESTROYER *COSSACK*, HE RESCUED P.O.W.S FROM THE *ALTMARK*.



THE L.N.E.R. *FLYING SCOTSMAN*, ON THE SCALE OF ¼-IN-TO 1 FT., BY MR. DOUGLAS F. ABBOTT, A SCHOOLMASTER. IT IS 3 FT. LONG AND WEIGHS 50 LB. THE MODEL TOOK TWO YEARS TO MAKE, AND IT HAS SUCCESSFULLY HAULED TWO ADULTS.



A BURRELL TRACTION ENGINE OF THE 1900 PERIOD, MADE BY MR. A. L. G. NEWMAN. THE MODEL TOOK NEARLY THREE YEARS TO MAKE. IT MEASURES 22 IN. BY 9½ IN. BY 5½ IN. AND IS VALUED AT £250. IT HAS PROVED ITSELF A GOOD HAULER.

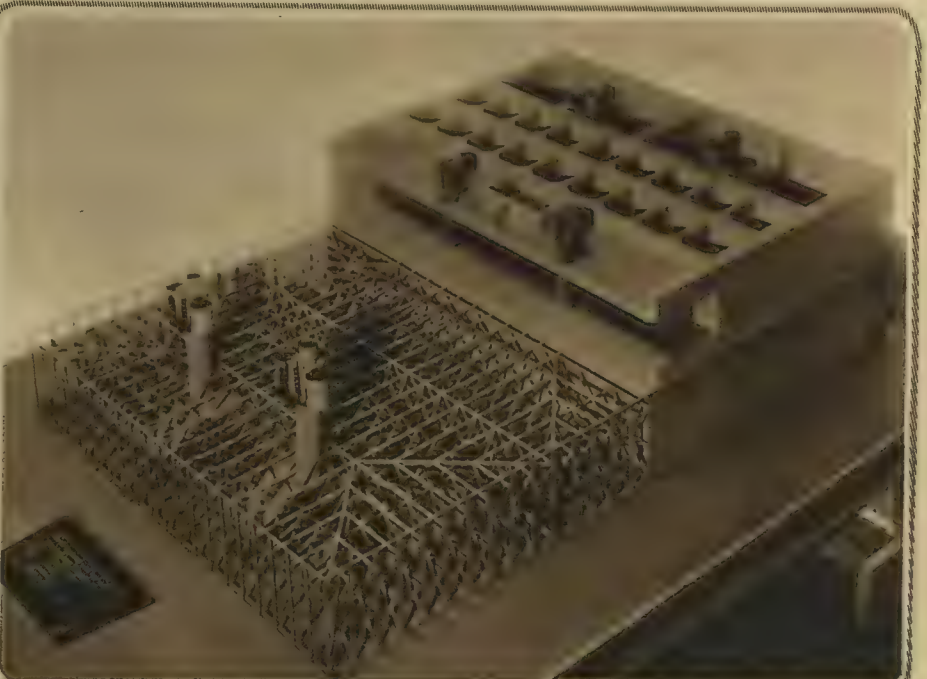
The skill of the amateur craftsmen of this country will be displayed in the Model Engineer Exhibition which the Duke of Edinburgh has arranged to open at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on Monday next, October 20. It is continuing until October 29, and in addition to the remarkable collection of models made by amateurs, the attractions will include displays of all aspects of model-making by experts, including wood-turning, blacksmithing and brazing in the Constructional Demonstration Area. Demonstration models include the



A MODEL OF THE *SPAD S-7*, WHICH FLIES ON A CONTROL LINE, MADE BY MR. E. J. PITHERS, A LONDON CHEF. POWERED BY A 10-C.C. PETROL ENGINE, IT IS PAINTED IN THE COLOUR SCHEME OF THE U.S. 135TH SQUADRON. ITS WING-SPAN IS 50 INS.



FITTED WITH ITS OWN SMALL GIRDER BRIDGE, WHICH IT CAN LOWER, CAST-OFF AND CROSS: A RADIO-CONTROLLED MODEL *CHURCHILL* TANK, BY MR. ALAN TAMPLIN, A RETIRED FARMER. IT WEIGHS 2½ CWT. AND IS 4 FT. BY 2 FT. BY 2 FT.



A MODEL, SCALE OF 1/48, LENT BY MR. L. A. MITCHELL, REPRESENTING THE CAISSON FOR THE USKMOUTH GENERATING STATION PUMPHOUSE FOUNDATION, SHOWING STRUCTURAL STEELWORK AND CONCRETE INFILLING FORMING PUMP AND FILTER CHAMBERS.

longest miniature Grand Prix motor-racing track, a marine tank for ship models, and a radio control centre and a steam track. The competition models are judged in four main groups—general engineering, marine, railway and aircraft. The radio-controlled model *Churchill* tank will perform any field manoeuvre of which the full-sized *Churchill* is capable. The prototype of the model caisson lent by Mr. L. A. Mitchell is stated to be unique, being the largest caisson in the world successfully sunk with the aid of compressed air.

AN ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT WHICH DOUBLES BIRMINGHAM'S WATER SUPPLY: THE CLAERWEN DAM, WHICH THE QUEEN HAS ARRANGED TO OPEN.



COMPLETED AFTER SIX YEARS OF WORK, AND DUE TO BE OPENED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON OCTOBER 23: THE NEW CLAERWEN DAM, IN THE CLAERWEN VALLEY, RADNORSHIRE, WALES. A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE DAM—THE HIGHEST IN THE BRITISH ISLES—SHOWING THE LAKE CREATED BY DAMMING THE



WHICH JOINS THE ELAN VALLEY, RHAYADER, CLAERWEN RIVER.



LOOKING UP THE CLAERWEN VALLEY, WHICH JOINS THE ELAN VALLEY, FROM BESIDE THE GREAT LAKE CREATED BY THE NEW CLAERWEN DAM. THE ROADWAY WHICH RUNS ALONG THE CREST OF THE DAM IS 1100 FT. IN LENGTH.



A VIEW OF THE INSPECTION GALLERY WHICH RUNS UP THROUGH THE DAM 30 FT. FROM THE WATER-FACE: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SUGGESTS AN ASPECT OF A MEDIEVAL FORTRESS.

"Birmingham's water supply is famous. It travels by pipelines for 72½ miles across England. The three reservoirs—Caban Coch, Pen-y-Gareg and Craig Coch—lie among exquisite mountain scenery . . . These words were written twenty years ago by H. V. Morton in his "In Search of Wales." To-day these great water-works in the Elan Valley, Rhayader, Wales, have become even more remarkable, for the work of construction of the new Claerwen Dam, in the Claerwen Valley, which joins



THE MAGNIFICENT CURVE OF THE GREAT NEW CLAERWEN DAM, THE HIGHEST IN THE BRITISH ISLES: FROM STREAM-BED TO CREST IT MEASURES 154 FT.

the Elan Valley, begun in 1946 for the Corporation of Birmingham, has now been completed; and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have arranged to open it officially on Thursday, October 23. This great dam, a notable achievement of British engineering, is the highest in the British Isles. It will almost double the supply of water for the City of Birmingham; and will, it is believed, render impossible any threat of water shortage for the city, even should the most serious drought arise.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE CREST OF THE CLAERWEN DAM: A VIEW OF ONE OF THE NEW BRIDGES ACROSS THE CLAERWEN. THE LADDER ON THE RIGHT INDICATES THE SCALE.

The outer wall of the dam is 184 ft. high from stream-bed to crest; and will enable 10,625,000,000 gallons of water to be stored in the reservoir (which is over four miles long) created by the damming of the Claerwen River. Supplies from this great lake will be released as needed, by way of the River Claerwen and the Doll-y-mynoch tunnel, to other reservoirs. A roadway runs along the top of the 1100-ft.-long dam, the symmetrical beauty of whose curving face is well illustrated by our fine



LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE CREST OF THE NEW DAM: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CENTRAL STEPS, THE SPILLWAY AND THE CLAERWEN RIVER.

photographs. It should be noted that neither buildings nor agricultural lands—only grazing land—have been inundated by raising the water to the new levels. Our photographs not only illustrate the magnitude of the construction, but give some idea of the austere and impressive splendour of the aspect of this great construction work designed and carried out by British engineering skill and set amid the beautiful scenery of the Principality of Wales.

THE historian looking back upon the dictators or "tyrants" of antiquity feels no astonishment. They are creatures of their time. They represent a normal, or at least a usual stage in the development of States. This is true even when he finds them replacing an aristocracy or even something approaching a democracy. And with them he finds no difficulty in linking a Sforza or a Medici in Italy or, indeed, the dozens of dictatorships in nineteenth- and twentieth-century South America. Young States, and perhaps particularly those of Latin blood, go through violent growing-pains, and the forcible seizure of absolute power by a strong man—whether he be brute, adventurer, puppet or patriot—is typical of these. The Napoleonic Empire is something very different, the forcible restoration of order in a very old State which had passed through a period of extremely violent revolution. Yet the dictator here so far transcends all others in history, in grandeur, magnificence and, at the same time, dignity, that his reign takes its place in our imagination with the greatest dynasties and ceases to be characteristic of dictatorship. The modern dictatorships of the Old World arouse sentiments of another kind. The first of them is astonishment. At first sight they appear anachronistic, outmoded. The new pattern, we feel, has been set by Western Europe in the nineteenth century, and even where it has not been closely followed its influence has been felt. The new kind of dictator must be a throw-back.

On reflection, however, it becomes apparent that this cannot be so. If in breeding animals or flowers we were to notice that 5 per cent. of the specimens reproduced an earlier type, we should perhaps call them throw-backs. If the percentage were to approach more nearly to 50 we should conclude that we were witnessing a reversion on so big a scale that it must be considered a stage, and an important one, in the general evolution of the type or race. The dictatorships of this last half-century are not sports. Their prevalence cannot be accidental. They are a feature of the age as much as those of ancient history. The liberal-democratic tradition, founded mainly in Britain, must be regarded in a new light. It cannot be taken as indicating without doubt the shape of things to come. It becomes, unfortunately, more pertinent to enquire whether dictatorship is to be considered as a stage preliminary to Communism. In Russia the two are synonymous. They would be in other European Communist countries, were it not for the fact that Russia claims—and exercises, except in the case of Yugoslavia, which has revolted—an overlordship of the rest, so that instead of an internal dictatorship their position is that of subject States.

On the other hand, the new dictators are manifestly not all of the same type. Lenin, possibly the ablest of them all, was an inspired but fanatical Marxist, and even if all has not moved in Russia on the lines which he laid down, he remains one of the few whose plans and dreams have generally been translated into an enduring reality. Stalin is—what? A less rigid and more adroit successor, whose writings and pronouncements seem childish by comparison, but who passed successfully through an even greater trial than the forerunner, and may yet prove to possess the shrewder and more practical mind. Mustapha Kemal, his reputation as a first-class soldier already made, comes upon the scene as an ardent nationalist with no particular ideology, prepared to ally himself with Russian Communism in order to drive the Greeks at all costs off the soil of Asia Minor and Eastern Thrace. That victory won, he becomes one of the most radical of reformers, daring to strike at customs bound up with the creed of Islam, of which the Turkish people had always been followers. Since his death Turkey has moved peaceably along the path to democracy, which proves that the process is not impossible.

Then we have Mussolini, a more complex type. While deliberately seeking to re-create the glory of ancient Rome, even to the emblem of the axe in the bundle of rods, he despised the people upon whom he was making his experiment and felt uneasily that they were not made for grandeur, a sentiment never entertained by Lenin about Russia or by Mustapha Kemal about Turkey. The dictator who only half-believes in his own mission is a pitiable spectacle. It was this state of mind, perhaps, which rendered the Italian dictator particularly prone to what may be called the occupational disease of dictators, megalomania. The contrast between him and Salazar could hardly be greater. In him we see the professor of economics as dictator, so far as I know the only specimen of the class to be found, though South America may have provided another. Salazar never appears on balconies. For long periods, indeed, he does not appear at all. He does not require glory. His task is to keep his small country quiet and solvent. Up to the present he has succeeded.

Spain has had two dictators, with a republican form of government and a long and bitter civil war intervening. General Primo de Rivera, Marquess de Estella, is still hard to place. The essential factor in his seizure of power was the failure of parliamentary democracy to adapt itself to the needs of the country. Perhaps he was too easy-going a man for a dictator and was more at home as a soldier. General Franco,

a still more capable soldier, gave evidence both in war and peace of greater political ability. While he arouses enthusiasm among only a section of the people, he makes himself indispensable to the nation in general. He keeps open the possibility of a restoration of the monarchy, but he refuses to commit himself to a line of action on the subject and has become unpopular with the convinced monarchists. He dragoons the Press, but otherwise leaves public



THE U.S.S.R.: VLADIMIR ILYICH ULYANOV LENIN (1870-1924).



THE U.S.S.R.: GENERALISSIMO JOSEPH V. STALIN, BORN IN 1879.



GERMANY: ADOLF HITLER, BORN 1889, FÜHRER AND CHANCELLOR, 1933-1945.



ITALY: BENITO MUSSOLINI, KNOWN AS IL DUCE, BORN IN 1883, KILLED ON APRIL 28, 1945.



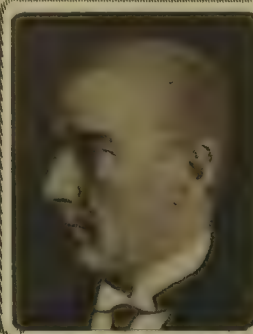
GREECE: GENERAL JOHN METAXAS, BORN IN 1870, DIED IN 1941.



PORTUGAL: DR. ANTONIO DE OLIVEIRA SALAZAR, PRIME MINISTER, BORN 1889.



YUGOSLAVIA: MARSHAL JOSIP BROZ TITO, BORN IN 1892.



TURKEY: KEMAL ATATÜRK (MUSTAFA KEMAL), BORN IN 1878, DIED IN 1938.



SPAIN: GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA, MARQUESS DE ESTELLA, BORN 1870, DIED IN 1930.



SPAIN: GENERAL FRANCISCO FRANCO, BORN IN 1892, ASSUMED OFFICE OCT. 1, 1936.

Captain Falls discusses, in his article on this page, the Age of Dictators. He writes of European dictators, but includes Mustapha Kemal (although, as he points out, he was largely Asiatic), and says: "Taken together, the men I have briefly discussed seem to represent, despite their differences, a common reaction to nineteenth-century parliamentary ideas." Captain Falls says that the new dictators (as opposed to the "tyrants" of antiquity) "are manifestly not all of the same type." Whether or not the differences in type are apparent in the faces of the dictators may perhaps be judged from the photographs of these men which we reproduce above.

opinion relatively free. He has even made some advance towards a Spanish version of the "welfare State." His friends assert that he is holding back about the monarchy because in the present state of the world, restoration would not be timely. Whether in point of fact love of power has taken a grip of him no one can say.

When in the First World War the French and British commands at Salonika came in contact with an officer of the Greek General Staff, Colonel Metaxas, they found him difficult to deal with, but could not have expected that he would be met again a quarter

of a century later as dictator of Greece and the ally of their countries in war. One of the most remarkable features of the Metaxas régime was that, while it was greatly disliked by a large proportion of the people, it was unreservedly supported by the nation in war. Meanwhile, beyond the northern frontier of Greece a dictator of another colour was maintaining the resistance of his country and also hounding to death his rivals. The career of Marshal Tito is one of the most curious of all. He begins as if turned out to a stock pattern, the Moscow-trained Communist, sent to establish the faith in his own country and bring it into due subjection to the Kremlin. To the outer world he seems to play his allotted part satisfactorily. He fosters Communist revolt in Greece. He tries churchmen for "deviation." Yet it has now become clear that he was always regarded with suspicion by those who considered themselves as his destined masters. He tried to maintain a nationalist type of Communism, whereas nationalism was permitted to the Russian overlord only. He was therefore expelled from the fold.

Hitler was nationalist before all else, yet his system of National Socialism had a socialist side, which Goebbels strove to emphasise when the overthrow of Germany was approaching. His ideas were neither original nor orderly; they were, in fact, a farrago founded upon the old Germanic paganism, modern Germany's lust for expansion and domination, the Duce's Fascism, and, most of all, desire for revenge for the defeat of the First World War. Treitschke and Banse had each played a part in formulating them, and he had borrowed from, though he may not have read, Sir Halford Mackinder. He possessed, however, something far more powerful than logical ideas, tremendous elemental force, the greatest,

perhaps, that has ever been applied to the furtherance of evil. With this was mingled political boldness and astuteness of a high order. In the military field he had a grasp of broad strategic principles, combined with an astonishing understanding of modern weapons and equipment; but he had no comprehension of the conduct of war, and in his hands modern military communications proved disastrous because they allowed him to dictate from a distance tactical decisions when he did not understand the circumstances. For all his undeniable genius, he was a valuable ally to his enemies after his first successful campaigns.

I have been writing of European dictators—though Mustapha Kemal was largely Asiatic—and am not going to include the Persian, the Chinese, or the Argentine examples. Taken together, the men I have briefly discussed seem to represent, despite their differences, a common reaction to nineteenth-century parliamentary ideas. The prestige of Peel and Gladstone is not so bright as it was. The fading would to some extent have occurred with the passage of time, even if their ideas had been generally accepted and had simply evolved to meet changing circumstances. The tradition itself has actually been impugned. Socialism shading off into Communism, on the one hand; older forms of capitalism giving way to great interlocking combines, trusts and cartels, on the other; the passing of the optimistic belief in progress under systems of maximum freedom—these influences have been

favourable to dictatorships. Because right wing dictatorships have been in several cases swept away by the Second World War some observers assume that the phase is on the wane. This is by no means certain. Communist dictatorships are the most absolute of all, and they show no signs of weakening. If anything, they point, in certain circumstances, towards world dictatorship, a truly horrible prospect.

The strongholds of democracy, the United States and the United Kingdom, largely as the result of war, have moved in the direction of what used to be called "State Socialism," control of banking, trade, industry, production and consumption, housing and education. The mass of the workers exhibit no strong objection in this country, where the process has gone much further than in the United States, because they believe it involves benefit for themselves. It must also be noted that, whereas Communism plays only a small part in political life, it plays a part in Trade Unions far in excess of its proportionate strength. The State can at present maintain or increase control only by consent, but the buttress of consent, general elections at short intervals, is not impregnable. The late Sir Stafford Cripps, in his wilder phase before he had borne heavy responsibility, made suggestions for circumventing a revulsion of public opinion against his party which would have been a long step towards a totalitarian State.

Because he changed his views and these were received with little favour at the time, we may be inclined to underrate them. A successor with a wider popular appeal might revive these ideas with greater effect. It is doubtful whether all that has been lost in individual freedom can ever be recovered and perhaps undesirable that it should be. What remains is worth preserving. Yet those who want to save it should carefully note what ideas and measures seem to threaten it, if they would avoid entering the age of the dictators.



(ABOVE.) AN AMERICAN ATOMIC BOMB EXPLOSION (OF OCTOBER 28, 1951) PHOTOGRAPHED, LIKE THE BRITISH TEST AT MONTE BELLO ISLANDS, FROM ABOUT 50 MILES. A CHARACTERISTIC "MUSHROOM" AND A RELATIVELY SMALL BOMB.

AT the date of writing, no further official information about the British atomic weapon explosion of October 3 (described in our issue of October 11 from reports by observers on the mainland, some 55 miles away) was available. Some original photographs have, however, come to hand, and of these we print here two, with one of the wired photographs. These are compared with photographs taken from the same distance of 55 miles of two American atomic explosions in Nevada. The explosion of October, 1951 was considered a relatively small one; that of February 6, 1951, as probably the most violent up to that date.



THE BRITISH ATOMIC EXPLOSION OF OCTOBER 3, 1952, ALSO PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A LITTLE OVER 50 MILES DISTANCE. COMPARE WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH, LEFT, OF A TYPICAL U.S. "MUSHROOM" BURST. [Photograph by radio.]



ONE OF THE FIRST ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BRITISH ATOMIC EXPLOSION OF OCTOBER 3 TO REACH THIS COUNTRY; ALSO PHOTOGRAPHED FROM 55 MILES DISTANCE. IT REACHED A HEIGHT OF 12,000 FT. AND WAS ABOUT A MILE WIDE.



THEN CONSIDERED PROBABLY THE WORLD'S MOST VIOLENT ATOMIC EXPLOSION: THE NEVADA BURST OF FEB. 6, 1951, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOUT 55 MILES.



ANOTHER ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BRITISH ATOMIC EXPLOSION OF OCTOBER 3, 1952, TAKEN ALSO FROM 55 MILES AWAY ON THE AUSTRALIAN COAST NEAR ONSLOW AND SOMEWHAT LATER THAN THE PHOTOGRAPH IN THE CENTRE OF THE PAGE. THE CLOUD IS BEGINNING TO DISPERSE.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS: PARALLEL PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH SHOW REMARKABLE AND CRYPTIC DIFFERENCES.



WHEN THE BUILDING OF NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES BEGAN IN HORSE GUARDS AVENUE THE STREET WAS WIDENED, WITH THE RESULT THAT THE ANCIENT HENRY VIII. WINE-CELLAR, WHICH WAS PART OF THE TUDOR PALACE OF WHITEHALL, AND WAS APPROPRIATED FROM THE SEE OF YORK IN 1529, PROJECTED BEYOND THE NEW BUILDING-LINE.



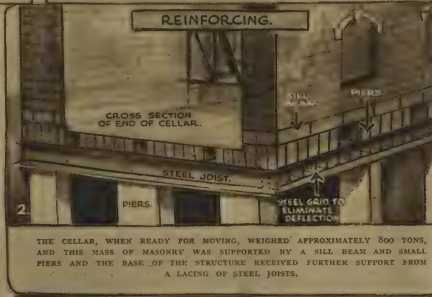
PART OF THE CELLAR HAD BEEN TEMPORARILY SUPPORTED ON REINFORCED CONCRETE PIERS BUT IT WAS FOUND NECESSARY TO MOVE THE STRUCTURE SOME 43 FT. WESTWARD WHILE THE FOOTINGS FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING WERE PUT IN.



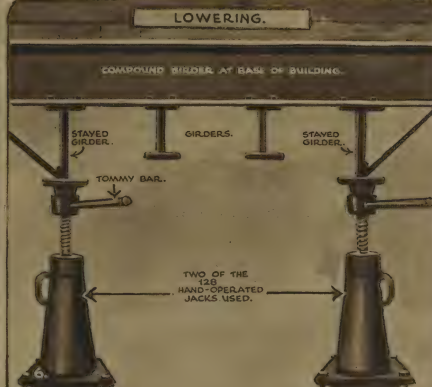
IN PREPARATION FOR THE MOVE, THE SPRINGINGS OF THE ARCHES WERE ENCASED IN STEEL ANGLES BOLTED TOGETHER TO FORM BOXES WHICH WERE FILLED WITH CONCRETE AND THE WHOLE WAS SUPPORTED BY TRANSVERSE LATTICE STEEL GIRDERS AND STEEL LONGITUDINAL GIRDERS.



IN ORDER TO ENABLE IT TO BE LOWERED, THE CELLAR WAS MOVED ON TO A SUPPORTING FRAMEWORK WHICH WAS CUT AWAY SECTION BY SECTION AS THE BUILDING SANK DOWNWARDS TO ITS NEW LEVEL, 18 FT. 9 INS. BELOW.



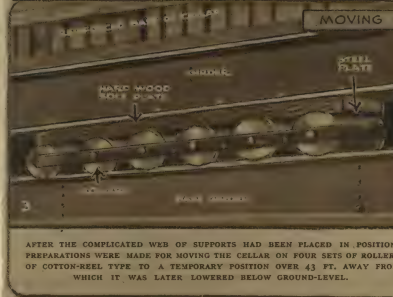
THE CELLAR, WHEN READY FOR MOVING, WEIGHED APPROXIMATELY 800 TONS, AND THIS MASS OF MASONRY WAS SUPPORTED BY A SILL BEAM AND SMALL PIERS AND THE BASE OF THE STRUCTURE RECEIVED FURTHER SUPPORT FROM A LACING OF STEEL JOISTS.



THE CELLAR WAS LOWERED 10 INS. AT A TIME BY MEANS OF 128 SCREW BOTTLE-JACKS WHICH WERE REMOVED AND SET UP AGAIN AT THE COMPLETION OF EACH STAGE OF THE OPERATION.



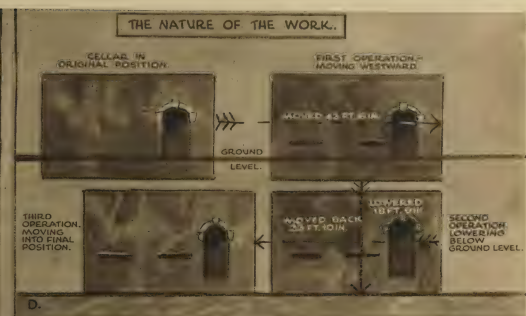
THE CELLAR, WHICH IS 62 FT. LONG, 33 FT. WIDE AND 20 FT. HIGH, WOULD HAVE OCCUPIED VALUABLE FLOOR-SPACE IN THE NEW BUILDING IF LEFT IN POSITION AT GROUND-LEVEL, AND IT WAS THEREFORE DECIDED TO LOWER IT BELOW STREET-LEVEL.



AFTER THE COMPLICATED WEB OF SUPPORTS HAD BEEN PLACED IN POSITION, PREPARATIONS WERE MADE FOR MOVING THE CELLAR ON FOUR SETS OF ROLLERS OF COTTON-REEL TYPE TO A TEMPORARY POSITION OVER 43 FT. AWAY FROM WHICH IT WAS LATER LOWERED BELOW GROUND-LEVEL.



WHEN THE CELLAR WAS AT THE CORRECT LEVEL IT WAS ROLLED BACK INTO ITS FINAL POSITION, A DISTANCE OF 33 FT. 10 INS., USING THE SAME EQUIPMENT AS THAT EMPLOYED IN MOVING IT FORWARD.



A SIMPLE DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE NATURE OF THE WORK THAT HAD TO BE UNDERTAKEN, THE CELLAR WAS MOVED WESTWARD FOR A DISTANCE OF 43 FT. 10 INS., THEN LOWERED THROUGH A DISTANCE OF 18 FT. 9 INS. AND ULTIMATELY ROLLED BACK 33 FT. 10 INS. TO ITS PRESENT POSITION APPROXIMATELY BENEATH ITS ORIGINAL SITE.



WHEN THE CELLAR WAS RESTING ON THE ROLLERS, DRAW-BARS WERE ATTACHED TO FOUR LARGE TURNBUCKLES, EACH OPERATED BY TWO MEN: BY ROTATING THE TURNBUCKLES WITH TOMMY-BARS, THESE EIGHT MEN MOVED THE BUILDING, A QUARTER OF AN INCH AT A TIME.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HENRY VIII. WINE-CELLAR AS IT IS TO-DAY—BELOW GROUND-LEVEL AND WITH THE NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES TOWERING ABOVE IT.

HOW THE HENRY VIII. WINE-CELLAR, WEIGHING APPROXIMATELY 800 TONS, WAS MOVED BODILY TO A NEW

In our issue of October 11 we recorded that the Henry VIII. wine-cellar in Whitehall Gardens is now open to public inspection on Saturday afternoons provided that a pass is obtained from the Secretary (A.S.S.I.) Ministry of Works, Lambeth Bridge House, S.E.1. This "Crypt," as it used to be called, was not originally an underground chamber, but a wine-cellar at ground-level, built in Cardinal Wolsey's time and is one of the few remains of the Tudor Palace of Whitehall which Henry VIII. appropriated from the See of York when the Cardinal was deprived of the Great Seal in 1529. The wine-cellar was originally built against an even earlier building,

and the east wall of the cellar is of late medieval date. Parliament was given an undertaking before World War II that in any development of the site the cellar would be preserved, but on development the wine-cellar was found to interfere not only with the plan but also with the elevation of the proposed Government offices. It was accordingly decided, in 1946, that the cellar, which is 62 ft. long, 32 ft. wide and 20 ft. high, should be removed to a new position. The whole building, weighing approximately 800 tons when prepared for the operation, was first moved 43 ft. 6 ins. laterally on a staging and was then lowered by screw-jacks through a distance of

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

POSITION: A DIAGRAMMATIC EXPLANATION OF AN ENGINEERING OPERATION REQUIRING GREAT SKILL

18 ft. 9 ins. and ultimately rolled back 33 ft. 10 ins. to its present position approximately beneath its original site. The position of the cellar is shown in red on the copy of Vertue's plan of the old Palace of Whitehall. It is specifically recorded in State documents as having survived the disastrous fire of 1698, and was recorded and drawn by the architect, Smirke, in 1810. It was incorporated in later buildings erected on the site, and until the demolition of these buildings served as a luncheon club for the occupying Government Department. At that time the whole of the brickwork was covered in plaster. The internal dimensions of the room are 56 ft. by 24 ft. The

brick stiltages along each wall formerly supported the wine-barrels, and these were dismantled before the cellar was moved and have now been replaced. On these pages our Special Artist illustrates diagrammatically how the work of moving the building was carried out—an operation which took many months. As proof of the care with which the work was conducted, it is worth recording that a complete survey was made of every part of the structure before it was moved, all existing cracks being carefully measured and noted, and that when the move had been completed there were no recorded movements.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF H.M. MINISTRY OF WORKS.



OCTOBER MORNING AT HARROW-AND-WEALDSTONE STATION: SEEKING THE DEAD AND DYING, AND RESCUING THE INJURED IN THE PILED-UP WRECKAGE OF THE THREE CROWDED TRAINS WHICH COLLIDED.

As already indicated on a previous page, the Harrow-and-Wealdstone triple railway disaster, involving about a thousand passengers and causing the death of over a hundred of them, happened in a matter of seconds. It took place on October 8, on a morning which had been foggy but which was beginning to clear, at 8.20 a.m. A crowded semi-fast train from Tring (a minute or two late) was standing on the fast up-line alongside Platform 4, when the fast night train from Perth, travelling on the same line and about an hour late, entered the station and plunged into the rear of the local train. The locomotive of the Perth-Euston express became deeply embedded in the rear coaches of the standing train and some of its coaches,

including a sleeper, reared up and wreckage filled both the up and down fast lines. In less than a minute from this impact, the Euston-Manchester express, drawn by two locomotives and travelling at speed, about five minutes late, crashed into this wreckage. Its two locomotives were forced over to the left and ploughed across Platforms 3 and 2 among a crowd of passengers waiting for the electric trains. Casualties were caused on these platforms and also on the footbridge into which piling-up coaches were smashed. An electric train approaching from Watford was fortunately stopped in time to prevent its adding to the disaster. Rescue operations began immediately, first by the survivors,

then railway workers, local firemen and eventually railway officials, doctors, clergy, nurses and Civil Defence rescue workers from a very wide area hurried to the scene. American Air Force doctors, nurses and hospital orderlies from all round London, under the command of Colonel C. Coler, of the Third Air Force H.Q. at Ruislip, were rushed to the scene and special supplies of blood plasma were flown down from Burtonwood, Lancs. So great was the mountain of twisted steel and other wreckage, reaching to a height of about 30 ft. above the permanent-way, and so many victims, alive, dead and dying, were involved in the tangled pile that all operations in the wreckage had to be conducted with great care,

mobile cranes lifting major fragments, while others were manhandled and oxy-acetylene torches were used to cut through the tangled steel. The rescue work continued through October 8, then through the night of October 8-9 (with the aid of arc-lamps), through October 9, on through the night of October 9-10, and it was not until the morning of October 10 that the lowest two coaches (the last two of the local train) were reached. These were known to have been full of passengers and, by this time, hope that any of these were still alive had been abandoned. At the time of writing, it was known that 107 had been killed and about 170 injured, but a later figure appears on our front page.



THE RESCUE WORK IN THE HARROW-AND-WEALDSTONE TRIPLE COLLISION BEGAN ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 8 AND CONTINUED WITHOUT BREAK OVER THE FOLLOWING TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS. WRECKAGE BEING LIFTED UNDER THE GLARE OF ARC LAMPS.



REVEALED ON THE THIRD DAY: THE SHATTERED FRONT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE PERTH-EUSTON EXPRESS WHICH PLUNGED INTO THE BACK OF THE CROWDED LOCAL TRAIN.



GIVING A BLOOD TRANSFUSION TO ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER: U.S. AIR FORCE MEDICAL PERSONNEL AT WORK.



THE LEADING UNITS OF THE MANCHESTER EXPRESS—LOCOMOTIVES, TENDER AND THE FIRST COACH—LYING ACROSS THE PLATFORM WHERE THEY PLUNGED THROUGH TRAVELLERS WAITING FOR AN ELECTRIC TRAIN.



SOME OF THE INNUMERABLE HELPERS AT THE DISASTER ROLLING BANDAGES FOR THE VICTIMS: AND NUNS WAITING FOR NEWS OF SCHOOLCHILDREN THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN ON THE LOCAL TRAIN.

ALTHOUGH, at the time of writing, rescue workers were still cautiously making their way into the lowest coaches of the high-piled wreckage—coaches in which they feared to find many dead bodies—and the final death-roll was not yet known; it was already clear that the Harrow-and-Wealdstone triple collision was the worst disaster in English railway history. The worst disaster in Great Britain was the collision between troop trains near Gretna on May 22, 1915, when 227 men were killed. In June, 1889, a collision between excursion trains near Armagh caused the death of 80, mostly children, with 400 injured; and in the Tay Bridge disaster of December 28, 1879, the entire crew and passengers of the train, about 80, were lost. Of more recent railway disasters, the worst was that of September 30, 1945, near Bourne End, when an express left the rails and 43 were killed.

ENGLAND'S WORST RAILWAY DISASTER: NIGHT AND DAY RESCUE SCENES AMONG THE TERRIBLE WRECKAGE WHICH FOLLOWED THE TRIPLE COLLISION IN HARROW-AND-WEALDSTONE STATION.



COMFORTING AND CARING FOR THE INJURED IN THE EMERGENCY CASUALTY STATION: VOLUNTEER HELPERS AND AMERICAN DOCTORS AND MEDICAL ORDERLIES AT WORK.



KEY TO LETTERS: (A) THE ENTRANCE TO HARROW-AND-WEALDSTONE STATION; (B) THE BROKEN FOOTBRIDGE; (C) UNDAUNED CARRIAGES OF THE TRING-EUSTON TRAIN; (D) CARRIAGES OF THE PERTH-EUSTON SLEEPER; (E) A CARRIAGE OF THE EUSTON-MANCHESTER EXPRESS; (F) THE SIGNAL-BOX FOR THE FAST LINES; (G) THE LINE AND PLATFORM OVER WHICH THE MANCHESTER-BOUND LOCOMOTIVES HURTTED; (H) THE TWO LOCOMOTIVES OF THE MANCHESTER EXPRESS; (I) THE UP LINE ON WHICH THE PERTH AND LOCAL TRAINS TRAVELLED; (J) THE BAKERLOO ELECTRIC LINE; (K) A TRAVELLING CRANE LIFTING SOME OF THE WRECKAGE.

THE WORST DISASTER IN ENGLISH RAILWAY HISTORY: A COMPREHENSIVE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF HARROW-AND-WEALDSTONE STATION, TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE TRIPLE COLLISION, SHOWING THE PILED-UP WRECKAGE AND RESCUE OPERATIONS.

This photograph will enable readers to understand the sequence of the Harrow-and-Wealdstone triple collision. At the bottom left is the approach from the North; at the top right the approach from Euston. At the bottom right can be seen the rails of the Bakerloo electric line, on to which the locomotives of the Manchester train (HH) eventually crashed. Next, towards the left, platforms 2 and 3, which were crowded with passengers waiting for an approaching electric train, among whom the Manchester express plunged. Next, leftwards and upwards, are the fast down and up lines. The first collision (between the Perth

express and the Tring local train) took place on the up line, the Manchester express crashing into the wreckage on the down line. One coach, lying across platforms 4 and 5, partly overhangs the slow line, beyond which, on platforms 6 and 7, can be seen the emergency casualty station set up by U.S. Air Force medical units. Further left, beside the hoarding, can be seen piles of wreckage dumped by rescue workers and the travelling crane (K). A general account of the disaster appears on pages 630-631 and other photographs appear on the frontispiece and opposite.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

TOO MANY DIRECTORS.

By ALAN DENT.

THE familiar English proverb about too many cooks has a pleasing variant in Holland to the effect that too many cooks give the porridge too much salt. But what is the result if we have an array of cooks in the kitchen, each one concentrating on a single course, and not all bent upon the broth or the porridge? The result would be a dinner like the film called "Full House," where five directors make five little films out of five short stories, put them end to end, and call the whole thing a feast in honour of the genius of O. Henry.

It is a feast from which we come away full but subtly dissatisfied. The method is at first sight exactly the same as that which we ourselves recently adopted in the case of Mr. Maugham with the highly successful films called "Quartet" and "Trio." But if we examine the matter it is not quite the same, and it is the distinction which makes the difference. Look into the case of "Quartet." Each story had, it is true, a different director. But the author of the actual film-script or screen-play was in each case the same—Mr. R. C. Sherriff—who said very succinctly and pithily in the foreword to the printed version of the film: "Four of Mr. Maugham's short stories have been made into short screen-plays and put together as one picture with a preface and commentary spoken by Mr. Maugham. There is nothing new about grouping a number of short stories into one picture, but so far as I know they have always been linked by a common theme. Here they are entirely independent of each other. . . . The picture is intended primarily as a tribute to the work of Mr. Maugham, and if it is well received it will no doubt be followed by similar pictures covering the work of other great short story writers."

There are two reasons why "Full House" does not represent O. Henry anything like so successfully as "Quartet" and "Trio" represent Mr. Maugham. One is the reason just given. The Hollywood film has five different script-writers as well as five different directors,

Mr. Maugham himself, backed by the Mediterranean, and looking upon us sometimes like the world-weary mandarin of Mr. Epstein's sculptured head and Mr. Graham Sutherland's portrait, and sometimes still more, we imagine, like the poet Horace must have looked when absolutely obliged to leave his Sabine

and Jingle and Swiveller rolled into one. This portrayal serves many functions. It reminds us that O. Henry could come near to Dickens in his depiction of human oddity. It reminds us, too, that Mr. Laughton, whenever he is offered the chance (alas, that the chance has too often its qualifications!), can be the richest comedian on the screen of Hollywood or (now that Raimu is dead) of the entire world. The

last episode, "The Gift of the Magi"—which really ought to have changed places with the first to give the film something like balance—is the foolproof little story of the poor young husband who pawned his watch one Christmastide to buy his young wife a hair-adornment, while the wife sold her beautiful hair in order to buy her husband a fitting fob for his precious watch. I thought this a beautiful story in the days of my youth, and I think so still, thanks to a passable job of direction by Henry King and two exceedingly pretty and touching performances by Jeanne Crain and Farley Granger.

With all its shortcomings "Full House"—it will be gathered—offers a good deal of incidental entertainment, fun, variety and even pathos. It is not without incidental distinction, but it lacks a general distinctiveness. It lacks—in a single all-embracing word—direction. Doubtless this is just another way of saying what has already been said, that it fails to be "all of a piece," and that it has been directed by too many experts. If the good reader wants the comparatively simple and unpretentious work of a single unaided expert, let him hie to see "Pat and Mike." In this the director, George Cukor, unimpeded by any background

genius or even by any particular plot at all, tells us the simple, inconsequent, life-like story of how Katharine Hepburn, as an all-round woman athlete, came to be quelled and subdued by a sports-promoter called Spencer Tracy. Miss Hepburn is adorable as a lady who can beat champions at golf, tennis, and many other sports, including markswomanship, except when the eye of a certain admirer (other than Mr. Tracy) is upon her. With Mr. Tracy's eye the case is, of course, different.



"A WITTY AND EXHILARATING FILM. ITS DIRECTION IS HOMOGENEITY'S VERY SELF, AND THE INTERPLAYING OF TRACY AND HEPBURN IN ITS WARMTH AND FINESSE OF RAILLERY AND SYMPATHY IS POSITIVELY LUNTISH": "PAT AND MIKE" (M-G-M.), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH PAT (KATHARINE HEPBURN) PRACTISES A LITTLE JUDO TO PROTECT MIKE (SPENCER TRACY) WHEN A COUPLE OF THUGS INSIST ON CUTTING IN ON HIS DEAL WITH PAT.

farm and make the journey to Rome to gaze upon the *profanum vulgus* he hated so.

But poor O. Henry died in disgrace years and years ago. The film gives us a glimpse of him—or an actor representing him—lying on a prison-bed and refusing to receive a visitor who wanted to do him honour. "Tell him I ain't in!" says this film O. Henry twice over. And for the rest we are shown nothing but Mr. John Steinbeck at the beginning of each episode muttering how great an author O. Henry was and how honoured he is to be introducing him. Mr. Steinbeck is a superb writer himself, but a notoriously shy man who lurks in the obscurest corners of the largest hotels whenever he comes to London, and declines to be visited or asked his views about anything. Great, therefore, must be his admiration for O. Henry as a writer since he has been prevailed upon to appear five times over on the public screen in the course of this film, with nothing of the slightest significance or cogency to say or to do, and in circumstances which are obviously as much an agony to him as they are an embarrassment to us. When they approached him in the first place Mr. Steinbeck really ought to have taken a cue from his idol and said: "Tell 'em I ain't in!"

The film makes another mistake by beginning with what is the best story for screen purposes, "The Cop and the Anthem." But it makes amends by concluding with the second-best, "The Gift of the Magi." In between come "The Clarion Call" (which has Richard Widmark with a horrifying cackle as a crook who takes a deal of outwitting by a detective who owes him money), "The Last Leaf" (which I thought a masterpiece of pathos when I was fifteen and now perceive to be a masterpiece of sludge), and "The Ransom of Red Chief" (an amusing tale about the guileful-guileless folks down Alabama way, which is ruined by clumsy direction and haphazard cutting).

The first episode has a marvellous study by Charles Laughton of a dignified down-and-out who tries in vain to secure winter-quarters in gaol. The police have come to know him too well. This character, whose name is Soapy, is made to look like Micawber



"THE FIRST EPISODE HAS A MARVELLOUS STUDY BY CHARLES LAUGHTON OF A DIGNIFIED DOWN-AND-OUT WHO TRIES IN VAIN TO SECURE WINTER-QUARTERS IN GAOL": "THE COP AND THE ANTHEM"—THE FIRST STORY IN THE FILM CALLED "FULL HOUSE" (20TH CENTURY-FOX)—SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH HORACE (DAVID WAYNE) SYMPATHISES WITH SOAPY (CHARLES LAUGHTON), WHO HAS BEEN THROWN OUT OF AN EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO PAY HIS BILL.

and the result is a serious lack of cohesion or of homogeneity in taste. The other is the obligatory absence of the author himself. Film-goers the world over, even those who had never read a word of Mr. Maugham, were immediately attracted to "Quartet" and "Trio" at their very outset by the spectacle of



"I THOUGHT THIS A BEAUTIFUL STORY IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH, AND I THINK SO STILL, THANKS TO A PASSABLE JOB OF DIRECTION BY HENRY KING AND TWO EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY AND TOUCHING PERFORMANCES BY JEANNE CRAIN AND FARLEY GRANGER": "THE GIFT OF THE MAGI"—THE LAST OF THE FIVE O. HENRY STORIES BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN UNDER THE TITLE "FULL HOUSE"—A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH JIM (FARLEY GRANGER) ASSURES DELLA (JEANNE CRAIN) THAT HE STILL LOVES HER EVEN THOUGH SHE HAS SOLD HER BEAUTIFUL WAIST-LENGTH HAIR.

Even to me—to whom sport is very nearly as alien a world as politics—this is a witty and exhilarating film. Its direction is homogeneity's very self, and the interplaying of Tracy and Hepburn in its warmth and finesse of railleury and sympathy is positively Luntish.

A THRILLING STORY COMES TO THE SCREEN: "VENETIAN BIRD."



A REUNION DRINK: EDWARD MERCER (RICHARD TODD), A SPECIALIST IN INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE, VISITS HIS OLD FRIEND ROSA (MARGOT GRAHAM) AND MEETS BERNARDO (SIDNEY JAMES—LEFT).



ADRIANA (EVA BARTOK) LEARNS MORE THAN WAS INTENDED. COUNT BORJA (WALTER RILLA) AND HIS ASSISTANT, LIEUTENANT LONGO (JOHN BAILEY), REALISE THAT THEIR PLANS HAVE MISFIRED.



ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE: CASSANA (JOHN GREGSON) PAYS A ROOF-TOP VISIT TO HIS WIFE ADRIANA (EVA BARTOK).



ADRIANA (EVA BARTOK) IS QUESTIONED BY HER HUSBAND ABOUT THE MAN SHE HAS BEEN ENTERTAINING IN HER ROOM. MERCER (RICHARD TODD) HAS BEEN CHECKING UP ON HER HUSBAND.



THE ASSASSINATION OF NERVA: UCCELLO (JOHN GREGSON) FIRING THE FATAL SHOT FROM THE PALAZZO BORIAN.



FRAMED AS THE ASSASSIN: MERCER (RICHARD TODD) IS LEFT UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR BY LIEUTENANT LONGO (JOHN BAILEY) AND UCCELLO (JOHN GREGSON), WHO LEAVE THE MURDERER'S RIFLE BESIDE HIM.

A new British film, "Venetian Bird" (J. Arthur Rank), had its London premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre on October 9. The screenplay is by Victor Canning from his own well-known novel of the same name, "Venetian Bird," and the film is directed by Ralph Thomas. The thrilling story centres round Edward Mercer (Richard Todd), a specialist in international intrigue, who becomes involved with a certain Rengo Uccello in Venice who turns out to be a notorious criminal who has been "protected" by the police. In spite of warnings to "keep off," Mercer makes further investi-

gations and uncovers a plot to assassinate a leading public figure named Nerva (Toni Lucarda). Mercer is "framed" as the assassin, and his enemies close in on him. The film has a dramatic climax. The part of Adriana is played by the striking Hungarian actress Eva Bartok. A story by Victor Canning, as thrilling as "Venetian Bird," and called "The Sleeping Man," appears in the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*, which will be on sale on November 13.



THE VENETIAN BIRD'S LAST FLIGHT: THE VILLAIN FALLS TO HIS DEATH FROM THE CLOCK TOWER OF ST. MARK'S IN FULL VIEW OF THE CROWD.



THE more I look at the photograph of Fig. 1, the more remarkable I think it is, and, though it happens to be a fairly well-known object to those who are interested in English cabinet-making, if you are unfamiliar with that pursuit it may be difficult to guess its purpose—and no shame to you. I have tried it out on two or three people, and one said that if he could afford to give his wife the jewels she deserved he would like to present them to her in this casket; another, who had not got a wife, suggested it might be the casket in which once reposed the Freedom of the City given to an eighteenth-century big-wig, while a third, with a taste for the macabre, said that he would like to own it and then have his ashes placed in it after the cremation and presented to a particularly detested aunt—from which I deduced that he considered it to be some unassuming kind of funerary urn.

I have kept the photograph by me for some time—in fact, ever since it came up for sale at Christie's last April—on the off-chance that I might come across a similar thing for comparison, but as I have not, here it is, released at last to an admiring world. My ingenious friends were all wrong: it is nothing more or less than a tea-caddy, and, I insist, the noblest and most grandiloquent tea-caddy ever made in other than precious metal. If you saw something in silver of this character—and there are such things—you would not be very surprised; for a wood-worker to produce it seems to me an extraordinary *tour-de-force*. The material is mahogany, the fine grain of which is clearly visible on the front, and the only ornamental metal parts are the ormolu foliage handle on the lid

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FROM HEARTY MASSIVENESS TO SPINDLY ELEGANCE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

not that one knows for certain, but anything as well made as this must inevitably be fathered upon that admirable cabinet-maker.

It so happened that a little before the Antique Dealers' Fair opened this year I was shown one of the pieces which were destined for that sophisticated and popular bazaar, and this table (Fig. 2) seemed to me, for all its difference in size and purpose, something which could well be set beside the mahogany tea-caddy, because it expresses the change in outlook of the next

years before the other—this little trick is more obvious. You can easily imagine the legs being fixed on to the corners without this small refinement; by its use the maker cunningly evades the criticism that he has not bothered to give his table the appearance of a single whole. You will notice also, if you look carefully, that in Fig. 3 he has not gone to the length of playing the same trick on the back legs—he gives them the shell medallion at the knee, but slightly lower, and does not extend it upwards over the frieze. The reason?

In ordinary use, the table would stand against a wall and the "hip" would scarcely be noticeable—nor would it be very obvious when the table was opened out. Hepplewhite, on the contrary, has treated all four legs with equal respect—and by such small matters can we know a great man—or (shall we say?) a man who was working for people who could appreciate these small points—or if they could not appreciate them, were in any case prepared to pay the price. But, agreeable though this device can be, the exceptional thing about this Fig. 2 is not the extreme nicety of the carving or the slender neatness of the legs, but the gentle flowing curve which runs in a wide sweep not merely upwards from toes to knees, but is continued right across—and at the sides also—so that you really do obtain the impression that the designer did actually conceive of this piece not as a flat board which had somehow to be supported, but as a single entity, each part of which would merge naturally into his neighbour. There is nothing specially original about this, for it was done many times by French cabinet-makers with those subtly curved little inlaid tables and desks—style Louis XV.—but here is an English adaptation of that charming

language, less gay, less ornate, but not less polite.

As for Fig. 3, which was in the same sale at Christie's as the tea-caddy, I have already mentioned one particular point about it: the way the cabriole legs in front are joined to the frieze. It has, of course, other claims to be reckoned a fine piece of its period—



FIG. 1. AN EXTRAORDINARY *TOUR-DE-FORCE* IN MAHOGANY: A NOBLE AND GRANDILOQUENT TEA-CADDY MADE SOMEWHERE IN THE 1750'S.

Frank Davis describes this object as "the noblest and most grandiloquent tea-caddy ever made in other than precious metal." The material is mahogany, and the only ornamental metal parts are the ormolu foliage handle on the lid and the delightful asymmetrical foliage design surrounding the keyhole. [By courtesy of Christie's.]

generation. It shows an entire revolution in taste, from a hearty decorated massiveness to a spindly elegance, but keeping the fine feeling for proportion which is the abiding virtue of all good cabinet-makers from the anonymous Elizabethans to Gordon Russell. This table, discreetly inlaid, and, as you see, opening

out when required, is also of mahogany, and just as the name of Chippendale must be attached to the tea-caddy, so must Hepplewhite be given the honour of having designed this. As everyone knows, to make a table and give it really beautifully-balanced cabriole legs is a thing which though difficult has been done thousands of times; and the usual thing is to have a straight front, with or



FIG. 2. AN EXAMPLE OF "SPINDLY ELEGANCE": A HEPPLEWHITE MAHOGANY TABLE MADE C. 1780.

Although this table is of "spindly elegance," its maker succeeded in keeping the fine feeling for proportion which is the abiding virtue of all good cabinet-makers. The legs and front are designed as a single flowing curve. [By courtesy of Mallett and Sons.]

and the delightful asymmetrical foliage design surrounding the keyhole. The canted angles and borders are carved with foliage, scrolls and pendant husks terminating in wide scroll feet, and this rather heavy and flamboyant decoration is thoroughly in keeping with the massive character of the piece, which would be equally—and no more—impressive were it twenty times its size. I suppose the date is somewhere in the 1750's. There are the usual three divisions inside, and it would not surprise me if whoever owns it now does not find that his tea tastes twice as fragrant as when he spooned it out from a more ordinary receptacle. The name attached to it is, of course, Chippendale—

without carving at the edge, and attach the legs at the corners, sometimes rather abruptly—that is, without any transition between frieze and leg—or more tactfully by the device of bringing the upper part of the leg up on to the frieze—the device known as "cabriole legs hipped above the frieze." This perhaps sounds an incomprehensible jargon—and I dare say it is—so I will ask you to look at both Figs. 2 and 3, wherein all shall be made clear. In the Hepplewhite table of Fig. 2 you will notice that the legs appear to fade into the corners by means of a neat piece of carving at the top. In the walnut table of Fig. 3—it was made about 1720, say, sixty



FIG. 3. "WITH CABRIOLE LEGS HIPPED ABOVE THE FRIEZE": A GEORGE I. WALNUT CARD-TABLE MADE C. 1720.

In discussing the Hepplewhite mahogany table illustrated in Fig. 2 and this George I. card-table, Frank Davis explains the meaning of the term "cabriole legs hipped above the frieze." It indicates a device by which the upper part of table legs are brought up on to the frieze, a refinement of the cabinet-maker's art. [By courtesy of Christie's.]

the nice carving of shell medallions, husks and scrolls on the knees, the lower border's gadroon carving and the shell in the centre hanging below, the soft, warm colouring of the walnut—this last not recognisable in the photograph—and the boldly carved ball-and-claw feet. When opened out the top contains circlets for candle stands and recessed wells for counters. The two tables together provide a neat enough contrast between the notions in house furnishing of the beginning and the end of the eighteenth century, and each in its very individual way bears witness to the high standards of English cabinet-making.

TOLEDO'S NEW GALLERY OF FRENCH ART: TREASURES OF A U.S. MUSEUM.



"LANDSCAPE WITH NYMPH AND SATYR DANCING"; BY CLAUDE GELÉE, CALLED LE LORRAIN (1600-1682). ONE OF THE FINE WORKS TO BE HUNG IN THE NEW GALLERY OF FRENCH ART AT THE TOLEDO MUSEUM, OHIO, U.S.A. (38½ by 51½ ins.)



"THE TRELLIS"; BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877). PAINTED AT SAINTES IN 1863, AND SIGNED ON THE LOWER LEFT G. COURBET. A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S WORK. (43½ by 53½ ins.)



"THE RETURN OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS"; BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX (1798-1863). SIGNED ON THE LEFT EUG. DELACROIX 1839. FORMERLY IN THE SAN DONATO PALACE. (33½ by 45½ ins.)



"COUNTESS ISABELLE ALBRIZZI"; BY VIGÉE LE BRUN (1755-1842). INSCRIBED L.F. VIGÉE LE BRUN POUR SON AMI DE NON À VENISE, 1792. (18½ by 13½ ins.)



"THE OATH OF THE HORATHI"; BY JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID (1748-1825). SIGNED LOWER LEFT JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID AND DATED 1786. (50 by 65 ins.)



"THE FAMILY DINNER"; BY MATHIEU LE NAIN (c. 1607-1677). PAINTED TOWARDS 1645-55. ORIGINALLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC DE CHOISEUL. (32½ by 43 ins.)

The riches of the museums and public galleries in the United States are well known, for during the last half-century many masterpieces have left Europe for a permanent home in the New World; and this emigration still continues. The Toledo Museum of Art in the State of Ohio, U.S.A., will, on Sunday, November 2, open a new gallery devoted entirely to French art, and on this occasion M. Jacques Dupont, Inspector-General of Historic Monuments in France, has arranged to speak in the museum. The fine collection of French

paintings and works of art which the new gallery will house include a recently acquired Nattier portrait of the Princesse de Rohan, a fine Louis XIV. table and a group of Sèvres porcelain formerly in the possession of the de Rohan family, as well as the pictures reproduced on this page, which have been among the museum's greatest possessions for some time. With the exception of the Delacroix "Return of Christopher Columbus," which was presented by Mr. Thomas A. De Vilbiss, these paintings have all been given by Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey.

By courtesy of the Toledo Museum of Art, Ohio, U.S.A.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



HAVING gossiped about "geraniums"—meaning pelargoniums—through a whole article last week, it astonishes me to find that I still want to gossip about them.

It astonishes me, because for more than fifty years my chief garden interest and speciality has been collecting and growing Alpines. And now, after all these years, when I settle down with pen and paper for a little garden anecdote, I find myself writing less about Alpines than about any other plants. It

MORE "GERANIUMS."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

My few geraniums fall roughly into three classes: those which live in pots on window-sills all the time, in the true cottage-window manner; those which are taken from their pots and planted out in a bed in the open for the summer, and then re-potted in autumn to spend their winters in the house; and those which live in big pots and grow into tall specimens. These remain in their pots all the year round. I stand them in chosen positions all summer, where they look splendid. In autumn they come into the house, where they cumber windows and are a bit of a nuisance. This can not be helped. And they are worth it. There are only three or four of them.

The variety which has lovely, big, pale-pink blossoms, which I call "Pink Moonlight," is an indoor window-sill all-timer. So, too, is "Petit Henri." I have not found it very effective for summer planting-out. But as a pot specimen on a window-sill it is charming and unusual, with its tiny blossoms, little more than half-an-inch across, bright pink and with a flash of white in the throat. "Petit Henri" is probably an antique variety. Certainly it is rare in cultivation. It took me a long time, after first hearing of it, to catch up and find a specimen, and I cannot find any mention of it in "The Book of the Geranium." The variety "Clarence Elliott" I plant out for the summer and lift and pot up in autumn for wintering in the house. I have found a particularly happy background for this geranium for its summer outing. I plant it in a narrow bed on the west side of my house, in the angle between the grey Cotswold stone wall and a huge copper copper which acts as a water-tank, and has taken the lovely blue-green that only a well-weathered copper can take. Immediately behind "Clarence Elliott" stands a 3-ft. specimen of a geranium which I forgot to mention in my last article. Almost

was. There is one other variety which I forgot to mention last week, and that is "Mrs. McCalmont."

This I take to be one of the Regal Pelargoniums. It has typical Regal leaves, though the flowers are smaller than the average run of Regals. I have one specimen only of "Mrs. McCalmont" (I must put in cuttings), which I planted out in the west border last June, and it has been in flower ever since. And such flowers! They are a rich and brilliant cherry-red, with a great black blotch on each petal, with a feathered edge merging softly into the red.

Any day now will come the sad moment when it will be necessary to disperse the main colour in my west border. The geraniums must be dug and potted up, and the zinnias may as well be cut for the house. The hardy fuchsias will remain untouched to carry on until frost puts them to sleep. Empty spaces will be filled in with wallflowers. In contrast they will look sadly stodgy after the mounting brilliance of summer, late summer and autumn, and in prospect it seems a devil of a long wait to see those wallflowers in blossom next May!

Last summer three geranium seedlings came up in my garden as volunteers. Who their parent was I do not know. But I potted them up and grew them on. Two of them have flowered, and the third still keeps its secret. The first to flower last August had rose-pink flowers, rather a tiresome, meek pink. Not worth retaining, but well worth giving away. I gave it to a six-year-old granddaughter, who was enchanted, and was blissfully unconscious of the



"ONE OF THE SO-CALLED CACTUS VARIETIES, WITH PETALS ROLLED AND QUILLED INTO POINTS, WHICH GIVES EACH HEAD OF BLOSSOM THE APPEARANCE OF A CLUSTER OF STARS": PELARGONIUM "ATTRACTION." THE FLOWERS ARE CAMELLIA ROSE IN COLOUR, WITH DARKER VEINS. THIS TYPE IS CALLED "POINSETTIA GERANIUM" IN THE U.S.

seems that I have had other interests all the time, even things as far removed from Alpines as geraniums. Yet not so far removed from Alpines and the Alps when I come to think of it. Year after year in going up to the high places in the French, Italian and Spanish Alps I have seen geraniums—and petunias and fuchsias, too—grown more charmingly in the sub-Alpine villages than anywhere else that I can remember. They sat on window-ledges, leaned out from balconies, or stood about in pots and tubs among the tubs of oleander on the pavements. In those rather austere village surroundings, so near the high passes, precipices and snows, they always look particularly brilliant and welcoming. How the Alpine villagers bring the plants through their long, dark, bitter winters I can not imagine. They must bring them into their living-rooms. But after eight or nine months there, with comparatively little light, it seems to me a miracle to have them a blaze of blossom by June.

Having no frost-proof greenhouse, I have to winter my geraniums in the house, on window-sills; and window-sills, I would point out, are immensely important to anyone who wants to cultivate parlour plants and to winter such tender plants as fuchsias and geraniums. When I added on to my cottage at Stevenage, I saw to it that all new windows had good, wide, inside sills made of black "quarry" tiles. Geranium-minded folk who think of building themselves houses should make a note of this. At the same time, they should have either wires or trellis fixed to all outside walls for climbers. It's a builder's job, and best done at the time, though builders never seem to remember or realise these most important details.

exactly the same colour as "C.E.," it is one of the so-called cactus varieties, with petals rolled and quilled into points, which gives each head of blossom the appearance of a cluster of stars. This fine specimen cactus geranium was given to me two years ago without name. As to its colour, it is very near that of "C.E.," and as to the colour of "C.E.," that, I fear, defeats me. I did have a shot at it in my last article—which was, perhaps, foolish of me. It is one of those colours to which no two people would give the same description, and which no one person would give the same description two days running. I leave it at that and at what I said last week—whatever that



ONE OF THE STRANGEST AND MOST INTERESTING OF GERANIUMS: PELARGONIUM "SKELLY'S PRIDE" (ALSO CALLED "FLAME" AND "SALMON FRINGED").

Its colour is variously called deep salmon-pink, orange-pink and Dutch vermillion. The leaves are dark-green and glossy, and the variety is usually classified with the ivy-leaved. It is quite unique with its toothed petals, and it is said to be easy to rear from cuttings. It is, however, said to do best as a greenhouse specimen, but was used extensively in a striking border display at Kew Gardens in 1950.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and The Illustrated London News will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to The Illustrated London News.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for The Illustrated London News to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

fact that the pink flowers clashed horribly with her gleaming red hair. The other flowered later. It is white, with a very faint blush of palest pink. If it were a little better, I would keep it, and name it "Lady Godiva." As it is, anyone can have "Lady Godiva"—blush and all!

THE ROYAL VISIT TO MALAYA, SOME INCIDENTS AND CEREMONIES.



INSPECTING THE 1ST BN., THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WHO IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, AT KUALA KUBU BAHRU.



PLANTING A TREE TO COMMEMORATE HER VISIT TO THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA: THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN THE GROUNDS OF KING'S HOUSE, GENERAL TEMPLER'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, AT KUALA LUMPUR.



TAPPING A RUBBER-TREE ON THE BERTAM RUBBER ESTATE: THE DUCHESS OF KENT, ASSISTED BY MR. W. G. ROSS, THE PLANTER, SLICING THE BARK.



DRINKING A MUG OF TEA BREWED BY PRIVATE C. MURRELL FROM HIS JUNGLE RATION PACK: THE DUKE OF KENT WITH THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENTS.



INSPECTING A BRITISH SOLDIER DRESSED IN A COMMUNIST TERRORIST'S UNIFORM: THE DUKE OF KENT AT KUALA KUBU BAHRU ON OCTOBER 7.



AT THE HELM OF A NAVAL LAUNCH: THE DUKE OF KENT TRAVELLING AT 22 KNOTS DURING A TOUR OF THE SINGAPORE HARBOUR AREA.



REVOLVER PRACTICE AT KUALA KUBU BAHRU: THE DUKE OF KENT WITH THE 1ST BN., THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT.

The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by the Duke of Kent, arrived by air in Singapore on September 30 and on the following day the honorary freedom of the city was conferred on her Royal Highness at a ceremony on the steps of the City Hall. Earlier in the day the Duke of Kent toured the Singapore Harbour area in a fast naval launch and took over the helm when the vessel was travelling at 22 knots. On October 5 their Royal Highnesses arrived by air in Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Federation of Malaya, where they stayed with the High Commissioner, Sir Gerald Templer, and Lady Templer at King's House, where the Duchess of

Kent planted a tree in the grounds to commemorate her visit. On October 6 her Royal Highness, accompanied by the Duke of Kent, travelled by air to Malacca for a day's visit and toured the Bertam rubber estate near by, where the Royal party was entertained by the planter, Mr. W. G. Ross, and his wife. On October 7 the Royal party travelled to Kuala Kubu Bahru, North Selangor, where her Royal Highness, who is Colonel-in-Chief of The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, inspected the 1st Battalion, which arrived in Malaya last year and has accounted for at least fifty-nine terrorists.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LEGEND OF THE CAMEL'S STOMACH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is very rarely that the blatant use of a cliché is justified, but this is one of those occasions, for, "as every schoolboy knows," a camel stores water in its stomach. Not only is this common knowledge among schoolboys, it is shared by everyone, or nearly everyone. Pliny (A.D. 23-79), the Roman naturalist, seems to have been the first to set it on record, in his "Historia Naturalis." Buffon (1707-1788) and Cuvier (1769-1832), the celebrated French naturalists, accepted it; Owen (1804-1892) and Lydekker (1849-1915), British anatomists and zoologists, lent their support to it; and the general text-books of to-day, if they mention the matter at all, are unanimous in declaring the truth of it. Over and above all this, we have the testimony of well-known travellers to prove it. Finally, at least one modern standard work of reference goes so far as to assert that a camel stores water in its stomach and in its hump, a statement that can also be found occasionally in earlier text-books.

The stories of travellers are often based on hearsay only. As Russell, in his "History of Aleppo," points out: "That water in cases of emergency is taken from the stomachs of camels is a fact neither doubted in Syria nor thought strange. I never was myself in a caravan reduced to such an expedient, but I had the less reason to distrust the report of others, particularly of the Arabs, seeing that even the love of the marvellous could in such a case be no inducement to invention..." And so on in a similar vein. Bruce, in his "Travels," is more circumstantial: "Finding, therefore, the camels would not rise, we killed two of them, and took so much flesh as might serve for the deficiency of bread, and from the stomach of each of the camels got about four gallons of water. It was indeed vapid and of a bluish cast, but had neither taste nor smell."

Camels, it is well known, are capable of surviving long periods without drinking. Three to four days is a commonplace, and there are well-authenticated records of much longer periods. For example, there is the instance of a march through Somaliland of eight days without water. In Northern Australia, a journey of 537 miles was made, using camels, which were without a drink for thirty-four days. Most of the camels died on the journey, but the few that were able to graze dew-wetted vegetation survived.

As long ago as 1806, Home dissected a camel and the drawings he published of its stomach show it to be a ruminant, and the stomach to have the usual four sections. Moreover, his pictures show that the structure of the stomach is very complicated, which leaves considerable doubt as to the exact manner of its working. Both the rumen and the reticulum, the first and second subdivisions, have a number of subsidiary cavities, and this is especially true of the reticulum. Added to this, in the dead camel the cavities in the wall of the reticulum were found to contain a clear liquid. The case seems overwhelming in favour of a belief, which is age-long, universal and accepted by both layman and scientist. Yet it seems that this belief, that a camel stores water in its stomach, is incorrect. A century ago, doubting voices were raised, but with little result. As time went on their number increased, and in 1927 Leese, after years of veterinary experience with camels in the Middle East,

published his book in which he gave it as his opinion that there was no foundation in the story. Since then, while text-books and standard works of reference have continued to repeat the traditional story, more and more evidence has accumulated against it.

Now, although we should be justified in describing this age-old story of the camel as a scientists' legend,

and one which, from the available evidence, is far less tenable than some of the supposed legends which most scientists deride, it is still not possible to disprove it entirely. The evidence against it is as follows. In the first place, the so-called "water-pockets" in a camel's stomach have sometimes been found, in a freshly-dead animal, to contain food. Secondly, the tissues lining the so-called water-pockets are glandular, which immediately suggests that any fluid found in

their cavities has been secreted by the lining tissues. It has been suggested—and, indeed, this seems very likely—that, living as it does on the coarsest and dryest thorn and scrub, a camel needs such liquid-secreting glands to moisten its food for digestion. The third argument against, and one more readily obvious, even to the uninformed mind, is that if any considerable quantity of water were stored in any part of the stomach it must, as a matter of course, interfere enormously with the process of digestion. It could, of course, be argued that it is precisely under the circumstances when a camel is subsisting on the fat stored in its hump, namely, during periods of starvation, that this large water storage is needed. It can also be argued that since, in the breaking-down of this fat stored in the hump, oxidation water is released into the body, it is, in a sense, true to say that water is also stored in the hump. But that would be a physiological quibble. The more telling argument is arithmetical. It has been shown that the amount of liquid in a camel's stomach may be as much as 4½ gallons—Bruce, as already quoted, speaks of finding 4 gallons—but this leaves several gallons unaccounted for as a camel not infrequently drinks 12 gallons at a time, and the drinking of 15 gallons has been reliably recorded several times.

On numerous occasions subcutaneous oedema has been seen in camels within a few hours of watering. In other words, pockets of water had collected beneath the skin; and on this and other evidence it is generally believed, by those best fitted to express an opinion, that, while some of the water taken in when drinking may find temporary storage in the stomach, it is, on the whole, rapidly dispersed throughout the body and stored between the cells of the tissues, and especially the connective tissues, to be drawn upon as required.

Perhaps more remarkable than the persistence of this traditional story of the camel and its water-storage is the fact that equal performances can be put up by other animals. A giraffe, for example, can go for days without drinking. The ass also, although it is not a ruminant, can drink almost as much as a camel, the record being 12 per cent. of its bodyweight, which is nearly as much, proportionately, as the camel taking its 15 gallons. In other words, the ability to survive long periods of dehydration of the tissues, punctuated by periods of heavy intake of water, is a feature of desert animals in general, or those living under extremely arid or semi-desert conditions, and not of camels only. The sole exceptions are the small desert rodents which can survive on a diet of dried seeds without drink of any kind.

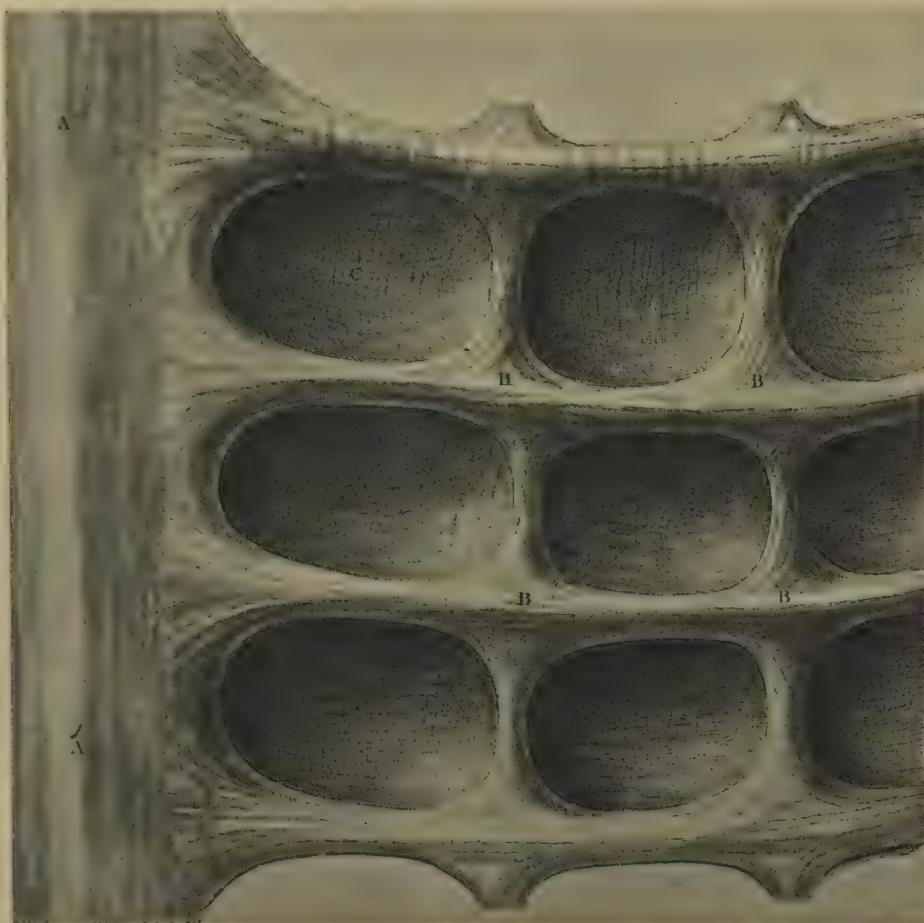
Even although the physiology of the camel's water-conservation is still unknown, and it is not possible to say precisely how the water is stored, there is no need to postulate any special water storage in any part of the stomach or in the hump. The phenomenon is not exclusive to the camel.



A WELL-KNOWN ANIMAL WHOSE METHOD OF CONSERVING WATER IS STILL OBSCURE: THE ARABIAN, OR ONE-HUMPED, CAMEL, WHICH, LEGEND ASSERTS, STORES WATER IN ITS STOMACH.

Two of the pressing problems for desert animals are the need for ventilation (getting rid of excessive heat) and the conservation of water. The first is achieved by an irregular outline to the body, long legs, a long neck and, usually, long ears, to present the maximum expanse for radiation. Desert animals always look grotesque, therefore, and the camel is no exception. The conservation of water is accomplished by various anatomical devices, having the end of reducing evaporation (i.e., water-loss) or increasing the temporary storage capacity. This last connotes an ability of the tissues to suffer alternate periods of intense hydration and dehydration; but how it is accomplished is, at the moment, not very clear.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.



A DRAWING WHICH DID MUCH TO INFLUENCE ACCEPTANCE OF THE STORY OF THE CAMEL AND ITS WATER SUPPLY: HOME'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE LINING OF THE RUMEN AND RETICULUM, THE FIRST TWO SECTIONS OF THE CAMEL'S STOMACH, SHOWING THE SUPPOSED "WATER-POCKETS." THESE "POCKETS" ARE NOW BELIEVED TO BE SUBSIDIARY TO THE DIGESTION AND THEIR CONTAINED LIQUID A MEANS OF MOISTENING THE CAMEL'S DRY FOOD.

Reproduced from "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, Part I., 1806."



REFUELLED AND SERVICED AT 'SPEED': THE NON-STOP MORRIS MINOR IN ITS SPECIALLY DEvised SERVING TENDER AT THE GOODWOOD MOTOR-RACING CIRCUIT.

A production model Morris Minor saloon car with B.M.C. engine set up an unofficial world's record of 10,000 miles non-stop driving at the Goodwood motor-racing circuit on October 10. The car started its endurance run on October 1 and travelled non-stop for nine days and five hours at an average speed of 45.35 m.p.h., with an average fuel consumption of 43 m.p.g. The car was driven into a special tender for refuelling, servicing and wheel-changing, which was carried out with the car travelling at from 20 to 30 m.p.h.



THE ADVENT OF THE MONO-RAIL TRAIN: THE FOUR-TENTHS-SIZE WORKING MODEL BEING DEMONSTRATED ON FUHLINGER HEATH, NEAR COLOGNE, ON OCTOBER 8.

During a recent demonstration of a mono-rail train near Cologne, the model, which is four-tenths the size of the projected "flying train," reached speeds of 81 m.p.h. The train runs on ball-bearings over a concrete track which has a steel flange on top and two flanges on each side. Power is provided by electrical conducting rails at each side of the foot-wide track. Representatives of the West German Government and the Allied High Commission watched the demonstration.



THE WESTLAND S.51 HELICOPTER BECOMES AN AMPHIBIAN: A VIEW OF THE BRITISH-BUILT AIRCRAFT FITTED WITH FLOATS BEING TESTED ON SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

This photograph records the first time that floats have been fitted to the Westland S.51 helicopter and shows this British-built aircraft being tested on Southampton Water, with a Short Sunderland flying-boat in the background. This development will add yet another to the many uses for which the helicopter is specially suited.

THIS MODERN WORLD: SOME MECHANICAL AND ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENTS.



THE AMPHIBIOUS MOTOR-SCOOTER: M. GEORGES MONNERET CROSSING THE CHANNEL ON HIS VESPA ATTACHED TO FLOATS—THE REAR WHEEL BEING USED TO DRIVE A PROPELLER. On October 9 M. Georges Monneret, a French motor-cycle champion, landed at Dover after completing the Channel crossing from Calais on a Vespa motor-scooter attached to floats and with the rear wheel driving a propeller. The crossing took 5½ hours, and M. Monneret used 1½ gallons of petrol.



READY FOR AN ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD WATER-SPEED RECORD: MRS. F. HANNING-LEE WITH HER HUSBAND ABOARD WHITE HAWK ON LAKE WINDERMERE.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hanning-Lee have been waiting for some weeks to attempt to raise the world water-speed record in their 3000-h.p. jet-powered speedboat *White Hawk* on Lake Windermere. They designed the aluminium boat themselves and expect to reach 200 m.p.h. in her. On October 3 Mr. Hanning-Lee stated that his wife would pilot the boat when the attempt was made.



READING IN BED BY MEANS OF A BRITISH-MADE PROJECTOR WHICH "THROWS" THE PAGE ON TO THE NEAR-BY WALL OR SCREEN. THE PAGES ARE TURNED BY AN EASY SWITCH. Projectors like these, which are invaluable in hospitals, have previously been imported from the U.S. The type shown is British-made and installed in a Greenwich hospital. The switch for turning the pages was operated by this patient's chin, but can equally well be operated by the toe, finger or tongue.

BUILDINGS ANCIENT AND MODERN, AND A LONDON "PEARLY" SERVICE.



A NORFOLK HOME FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST: OXBURGH HALL, NEAR SWAFFHAM, WHICH WAS BUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY AND IS THE HOME OF THE BEDINGFELD FAMILY.

Lord Crawford announced on October 10 that Oxburgh Hall, near Swaffham, Norfolk, had been presented to the National Trust by Sybil Lady Bedingfeld, with the aid of a generous grant from the Pilgrim Trust. The house is a late fifteenth-century building surrounded by a moat and has been the home of the Bedingfeld family for five centuries.



ADDRESSING A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING IN THE GROUNDS OF BODIAM CASTLE: MR. HAROLD NICOLSON (FACING CAMERA, IN DARK COAT).

The gift to the nation of Bodiam Castle, Sussex, by the late Lord Curzon, and his extensive work of restoration there, have been commemorated by a tablet which was unveiled on October 11 by Lady Curzon in the presence of members of the family and other guests, among them representatives of the National Trust. The inscription on the tablet is by Mr. Harold Nicolson, formerly Lord Curzon's private secretary.



WELCOMING UNITED NATIONS WORKERS TO THE NEW ASSEMBLY CHAMBER WHICH WAS OFFICIALLY OPENED RECENTLY: MR. TRYGVE LIE, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE U.N. When the General Assembly of the United Nations met in New York on October 14 they did so for the first time in the new Assembly Chamber. The completion of the Chamber finishes the main structural programme for the new U.N. headquarters.



LONDON'S FIRST FULLY COMPREHENSIVE HEALTH CENTRE TO BE BUILT UNDER THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE: WOODBERRY DOWN HEALTH CENTRE AT STOKE NEWINGTON.

Woodberry Down Health Centre at Stoke Newington, planned to serve over 18,000 people, and built at a cost of over £100,000, was to be opened by Mr. Somerville Hastings in the presence of the Minister of Health on October 14.



AT THE ANNUAL COSTER SERVICE IN THE OLD KENT ROAD: PEARLY KING MR. FRED TINSLEY READING THE LESSON. London's pearly kings and queens held their own annual coster service in Southwark's St. Mary Magdalene Church in the Old Kent Road on October 12. Our photograph shows the reading of the Lesson at the service.



EXAMINING A SCALE MODEL OF THE NOW-APPROVED DESIGN FOR THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL, WHICH SHOWS THE SPIRE OF THE OLD (LEFT) LINKED BY A HIGH PORTICO TO THE MAIN DOOR OF THE NEW.

An exhibition of drawings and models of the revised designs for Coventry Cathedral (architect, Mr. Basil Spence, F.R.I.B.A.) opened at the Building Centre, Store Street, W.C.1, on October 8. The exhibition, which is free (9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sats. 9.30 to 1 p.m.), is to remain open until October 25.

THE SERIOUS UNREST AND CRIME IN KENYA: MAU MAU OUTRAGES AND COUNTER-MEASURES.



POLICE SEARCHING A VILLAGE: INVESTIGATION OF MAU MAU CRIMES IN KENYA IS RENDERED DIFFICULT ON ACCOUNT OF THE FEAR THE NATIVES FEEL FOR THE SECRET SOCIETY.



SERIOUSLY INJURED IN A MURDEROUS ATTACK BY AFRICANS ARMED WITH KNIVES WHO ENTERED THE BEDROOM OF THEIR HOME AT KABETE, NEAR NAIROBI; COLONEL R. M. G. TULLOCH AND MRS. TULLOCH, WHO HAD BEEN IN KENYA FOR SOME THREE YEARS.



AT THE GRAVESIDE OF THE MURDERED SENIOR CHIEF WARUHIU, WHO HAD DENOUNCED THE MAU MAU: H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR EVELYN BARING (EXTREME LEFT), WITH A NATIVE TRANSLATOR, AND A NATIVE MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL (RIGHT).



SHOWING THE TYPE OF COUNTRY IN KENYA COLONY AND PROTECTORATE: A POLICE FORCE ADVANCING TO MAKE A RAID ON SUSPECTED MAU MAU INITIATES.



INTERROGATING A SUSPECT AT A POLICE STATION: INSPECTOR KENNETH PRICE QUESTIONING THE MAN, WHILE A NATIVE POLICEMAN TAKES DOWN THE EVIDENCE.



A NATIVE POLICEMAN QUESTIONING A MAU MAU SUSPECT: SERIOUS CRIMES, INCLUDING MURDER, SLAUGHTERING OF CATTLE AND ARSON HAVE BEEN COMMITTED BY MEMBERS.

The outbreak of crime in Kenya Colony and Protectorate, which is causing grave anxiety, broke out last year. In August last it was found necessary to increase the strength of the police force and to impose curfew restrictions. Most of the trouble, which includes murder, slaughtering of cattle, and arson, is believed to be due to the activities of the proscribed secret Mau Mau Society, an anti-European organisation with many members among sections of the Kikuyu tribe. The Mau Mau makes recruits by means of intimidation; and the natives greatly fear the curses which will be brought down on them if they fail to observe the seven

oaths of the initiation ceremony. On October 7 Senior Chief Waruhiu, former division chief in the Kiambu district, who had denounced the Mau Mau, was murdered. The new Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, who reached Kenya on September 29, spoke at his graveside. Strong measures are being taken and many arrests have been made. Police recently swooped on an initiation ceremony and made forty arrests. On October 10 an elderly couple, Lieut.-Colonel R. M. G. Tulloch and his wife, were attacked in their bedroom and were seriously injured by five Africans armed with knives.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

I FIND it odd that, the most striking and pervasive quality in any novel should be the one least made of: I mean its personality, its tone. This, in enlightened circles, is but rarely mentioned, while to regard it actually as "counting" would be deeply philistine. Yet on the other hand, how anyone, in his original capacity of human being, can fail to count it seems to me unintelligible. There must be others, surely quantities of others, in my own boat. What these imperfect aesthetes will begin by asking about "Men At Arms," by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall; 15s.), is not, How brilliant is it? (the brilliance they will take as read) but—in whatever form of words—to what extent will the blood curdle?

Well, anyhow, much less than usual. This book is relatively painless, and at moments gay. On the aesthetic side there are some flaws. It is the first part of a trilogy, designed, the jacket tells us, to "recount the phases of a long love-affair between a civilian and the Army." This initial volume covers the "honeymoon," the phoney war and (at a distance) the collapse of France. Inevitably, it has some unfinished business—such as the action of a holy medal, and the hero's dealings with his ex-wife. It is scrappy, too, because the main experience is scrappy, "one damned thing after another." And apart from that, I think perhaps the moderate, but most exceptional and grateful warmth has a deconcentrating influence. Perhaps the writer's deadly flowers are the most vivid.

This story gets its warmer tone both from the theme of chivalrous romance-at-arms, and from the sympathetic treatment of the hero. Guy, we are firmly told, "has nothing in common with the author beyond their common Faith and age." He is an English Catholic of an old, pure, decaying, ineffably distinguished line. But his own life has been a failure, and his spirit is a waste land. His wife ran off and left him, for successive husbands, and as an exile at the "Castello Crouchback" he is not thought *simpatico*. The sympathetic point is that he knows it, and has grasped the reason. It is because he has no sense of fellowship.

Then comes the Nazi-Soviet alliance, and his soul expands. "The troubles of Bohemia, the year before, had left him quite indifferent"—but this, at long last, is the Cause, and he goes off, rejoicing like a bridegroom, to his country's aid.

Not without much ado—since thirty-five is oldish for a fighting officer—he gets into the Halberdiers, and spends a blissful honeymoon with their tradition, on the eve of chaos. He is called Uncle in his group, and has a fellow-uncle by the name of Apthorpe—a burly, soldierly probationer with "porpoise" boots and nameless African antecedents. This Apthorpe comedy is almost pure delight. Guy is the confidant; the fiendish adversary is the Brigadier, a one-eyed fire-eater of horrid prowess, and, next to Apthorpe, the big draw. His tone is always rather grisly; but Apthorpe gets so close to harmless fun that—if you can believe it—I tracked down a familiar something in the cross-talk as a Woolcott-and-Spencer note. But it won't do to be misled. The author's pet conclusion is in store: ordeal by ignominy—the kind of doom, which, if described, will raise a shout of mirth. Though here it is more *piano* than in other books.

"Happy Returns," by Angela Thirkell (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), is a sad and very different case. No one can say that Mr. Waugh has not improved his talents, but Mrs. Thirkell's have been going to seed. At first she was not only brilliant but delicious. She had every charm—an independent eye, a gift for people and the social scene, grace, wit, malice like summer lightning. . . . And even now these charms come pushing up; but they are pale and small, like flowers in a neglected garden. They have been swamped by Barsetshire and grievance. The characters become less interesting as they abound, and the surprises now are superficial. Faced with a loss of privilege and comfort, all Barsetshire—though eminently selfless—sings the same note. Of course, the author is too clever not to be conscious of her own perversity; but the effect is that she does it all the more.

And it is hard to treat a fresh instalment as a new book, or find specific things to say about it. "Happy Returns" is an allusion to the change of Government and the defeat of THEM—a change immune, in Barsetshire, from anti-climax. For there "all well-thinking people went about saying that everything would be much worse now, for ever and ever, but so long as we had Mr. Churchill we could stand anything."

"Daughter of the House," by Catherine Gaskin (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is a long-drawn love-story, with one dramatic episode half-way. Maura de Courcey's father has worked up from an Irish croft to fame and fortune at the bar. He likes the trappings of success, with one dramatic episode half-way. Maura de Courcey's father has worked up from an Irish croft to fame and fortune at the bar. He likes the trappings of success, with one dramatic episode half-way. Maura de Courcey's father has worked up from an Irish croft to fame and fortune at the bar. He likes the trappings of success, with one dramatic episode half-way.

The tale is pleasing and composed. Perhaps its greatest beauty is a set of backgrounds—London, East Anglia, Rathbeg—each one deliberate and lovely. "Alibi for a Witch," by Elizabeth Ferrars (Collins; 9s. 6d.), opens in Southern Italy, with yet another row between Ruth Seabright's undesirable employer and his problem boy. As usual, it was Ballard's fault; he is the source of Nicky's trouble, and delights in baiting him. Ruth has begun to feel that she can stand no more, but this dire day leaves her with quite another worry. For most of it she has the villa to herself; then in the afternoon she hears a noise downstairs—and finds a wild, blood-boltered Nicky rushing from his father's corpse. Ruth's first idea is to protect him; apparently the first idea of Stephen Evers—a rather sloppy-looking scientist turned writer—is to protect her. And then, before they have removed the body, the police call to report its finding in another place. . . .

A good, exciting story, with an excellent Italian scene and an attractive love-interest.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

LAST week I pointed out the great defect of the ordinary game-score: that it gives no indication of the passage of time. There could hardly be a better example than this game I played recently at Paignton; the time factor dominated throughout.

Queen's Gambit, Slav Defence.

B. H. WOOD.	W. A. FAIRHURST.	B. H. WOOD.	W. A. FAIRHURST.
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	3. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3
2. P-QB4	P-QB3	4. Kt-B3	Kt-K5

One of those unusual moves which are only dangerous if you try to blast them sky-high. By more or less ignoring it, I remain several moves ahead in development for some time to come.

5. P-K3	Kt×Kt	9. P-K4	P×P
6. P×Kt	P-K3	10. B×P	Castles
7. B-Q3	QKt-Q2	11. Q-B2	P-KR3
8. Castles	B-Q3	12. R-K1	Q-B3

Black is struggling to play . . . P-K4, White to prevent him.

13. Q-K2	R-Q1	16. P-B5	B-B2
14. R-Kt1	R-Kt1	17. Kt-K5	B-Q2
15. B-B2	Kt-B1	18. Q-R5	B-K1

The pattern of the game is taking shape, and it is overwhelmingly a time-pattern, of which the score itself gives no clue. As a result of the unusual opening, both of us had used up, already, four-fifths of the time allotted for the first thirty-eight moves, and from now on could no doubt be observed repeatedly glancing anxiously at our clocks. At this stage I wasted more precious time deciding reluctantly that 19. Kt-Kt4, Q-K2; 20. B×P or 20. Kt×Pch wasn't quite sound. . . .

19. P-KB4	Q-K2	23. R-Kt2	R-K1
20. Q-R3	P-B3	24. R(Kt2)-K2	P-KR4
21. Kt-Kt4	Q-K2	25. Kt-B2	P-K4
22. B-Kt3	B-B2	26. Q×RP	P-KKt3

By now we were both in serious time-trouble, with about ten minutes each for the next twelve moves. I might now have played 27. Q-R4, the threat of 28. Kt-Kt4 then being keener.

27. Q-B3	P×QP	29. Q-R3	B×B
28. Kt-Kt4	K-Kt2	30. P-B5!	

This move took practically all my remaining time, leaving me with the necessity of making my next eight moves in some fifty seconds. I had soon satisfied myself that 30. . . . Q×P; 31. R×R, or 30. . . . P×P; 31. Q-R6ch would be satisfactory; but 30. . . . B-Kt1 and 30. . . . R×R were more involved. Finally I had to decide and move at once, or lose on time. It was a relief when my opponent used up practically the whole of his time on his reply, so that he was now as badly off as I.

30. B-Kt1	K-B2	32. B×Kt
31. B-R6ch	K-B2	

32. P×Pch, Kt×P? 33. Kt-K5ch would win Black's queen; but I could see nothing good enough after 32. . . . K×P.

32. KtP×P?

Better might have been 32. . . . R×R (not 32. . . . K×B; 33. Kt×P, or 32. . . . R×B; 33. P×Pch, K×P; 34. Kt-K5ch, winning the queen); 33. R×R, K×B; 34. Kt×P, Q×P; 35. Q-R6ch, K-B2; 36. R-B2, Q×Rch! 37. K×Q, K×Kt; 38. P×P, R-Kt. But White might improve on this by 35. Kt-Q7ch, K-Kt2; 36. Q×Q, P×Q; 37. Kt×R. . . . and who could be expected to analyse all the alternatives within twenty seconds?

Twenty minutes perhaps!

As a last consequence of time-shortage, I now overlook, on move 35, a mate in two.

33. Q-R6	B-K4	34. Q-Kt7ch	K-K3
35. Q×Pch	K-Q4	36. R×Bch	K-B5
37. R×R		38. Kt-K5ch	R×Kt
39. Q×R			Black resigns.

I WISH I knew quite what to make of Mr. Aldous Huxley's latest book "The Devils of Loudun" (Chatto and Windus; 18s.). The excuse (if one may put it like that) for writing it is the reconstruction of a remarkable, if distinctly unedifying case of mass diabolical possession in a small town in seventeenth-century France. If that were all that the book consisted of it would be interesting, but distinctly slim. The facts of this curious and horrifying tale have long been known to theologians and historians—though few modern Catholic theologians would maintain that the diabolical possession of Sœur Jeanne des Anges and her fellow-nuns of the Ursuline Convent in Loudun was genuine. The whole thing started with the sin of concupiscence on the part of Father Urbain Grandier, who arrived in Loudun to take up his parochial duties not long after the suppression of the

FROM DEVILS TO DRY-FLY.

Huguenot rising at La Rochelle. Father Grandier's inordinate and reprehensible attraction to and for the ladies might not have mattered so much, given the clerical morals of France and of the time, if he had not joined to it the sin of pride. This led him to take the fatal step of quarrelling in the street over a question of precedence with the Prior of Coussay. That Father Grandier appears to be right in demanding precedence was not to help him. For the Prior of Coussay was also the Bishop of Lucon, and the Bishop of Lucon's name was Armand-Jean du Plessis de Richelieu. Richelieu was temporarily out of favour, but a year later he was back in office and Richelieu had a very long memory. Grandier's insufferable pride and vanity led him to quarrel with his episcopal superior, the Bishop Potiers, and sooner or later with most of the leading figures in the town, including the Public Prosecutor, formerly his best friend, but whose daughter he seduced and later abandoned to face the consequences. Even this would not have mattered if his fatal charms and his reputation had not excited the affections of the Prioress of the Ursuline Convent, who bestowed on this insolent, if forbidden, charmer (who apparently never set eyes on her) all the thwarted passion of one who was both partially deformed and bound by vows. When Father Grandier refused to accept her invitation to become confessor to the community, this lady started to tell her sisters of strange dreams and visions of an amatory nature in which the devil, in the shape of Father Grandier, took the leading rôle. Very soon other sisters began to have (or said, they had) these visions until (mass hysteria growing among them) the Convent became virtually a madhouse, with the nuns liable at any time, singly or en masse, to go in convulsions, uttering appalling obscenities—maintaining that this was the result of the ill-behaviour of a variety of devils, all of whom were acting on behalf of the much-maligned Father Grandier. Unfortunately for Father Grandier, his enemies, including the Capuchins, carried the matter to Father Joseph, and the *eminence grise* carried it to his master. Richelieu remembered the insults he had received at the hands of the insolent parish priest, and found that his judicial murder would fit in nicely with the current trend of his religio-political policy. Grandier was duly tried, tortured and burnt, all three processes described in almost too vivid detail by Mr. Huxley. However, in spite of the efforts of the exorcists, who were driving what had merely been at first silly, mischievous women genuinely mad, the nuns remained possessed. Most curious of all, when the Jesuit Father Jean-Jacques Surin, one of the great ascetics and mystics of his age, came to try his hand at exorcising the four lively devils which the shrewd and publicity-hunting Sister Jeanne of the Angels said possessed her, he speedily became possessed himself and remained mad and ill for nearly twenty years. Mr. Huxley, though he believes in the existence of evil psychic phenomena, does not believe that the Ursulines and Father Surin were the victims of genuine diabolical possession. Here he is beating a dead donkey when he pours scorn on the credulity of the exorcists and poor Father Surin, for the modern Catholic Church, as I say, agrees with him. The bulk of the book consists of Mr. Huxley's own brand of theology and his views on psychic phenomena, psycho-analysis and the abiding desire in all human beings for self-transcendence. His picture of the unfortunate Father Surin in his illness, his recovery and the peace which flooded into his soul before he died is one of the most beautiful and sympathetic studies of Christian mysticism I have read. The book remains, however, a curious mixture of the horrifying, the absurd, the witty and the profound.

Mr. Maurice Collis provides an antidote to these psychological curiosities in the healthy first instalment of his autobiography, "The Journey Outward" (Faber; 21s.)—the first stage of a life which has carried him from being an Indian Civil Servant in Burma to one of our most successful modern writers. He writes with affection of his boyhood at Rugby and his youth at Oxford, less affectionately of European society in the Burma of his youth, and with love and respect of the Burmans he knew. I shall look forward to the next instalment of this most interesting record.

"Secret Tibet," by Fosco Maraini (Hutchinson; 30s.), will, I suppose, become genuinely secret again now that it is falling behind the Iron Curtain. Recently, however, its secrecy has been somewhat modified by the fact that every traveller—and there have been quite a number—has written a book about it. This charming, penetrating book, with its magnificent photographs, is, I have no hesitation in saying, far and away the best of them all.

An entirely different world is opened up by Mr. Hans Hass in "Diving to Adventure" (Jarrolds; 16s.), a description of under-water fishing, begun almost casually on the Riviera and extended to the much more exciting deep-sea fields of the West Indies. Not the least remarkable aspect of this interesting book are the quite extraordinarily good under-water photographs with which it is illustrated.

For the more orthodox fisherman "An Angler's Entomology," by J. R. Harris (Collins; 25s.), is a close study with excellent illustrations, both in colour and in black-and-white, of the insects on which sporting fish feed. After reading, too, the notes on fly-dressings, no dry-fly fisherman who studies this book will have any difficulty in luring that giant trout from the favourite haunt from which he has obstinately refused to be attracted. Or will he?

E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



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"HEARTBREAK STAIRS": BY ANNA AIRY, R.I., R.O.I., R.E., AN ARTIST WHO IN 1902 WAS AWARDED THE SLADE SCHOLARSHIP. SHE FIRST EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. IN 1905. (Oil on canvas.)



"THE ILLUSTRATED": AN OIL PAINTING SHOWING A FAMILY STUDYING THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, KNOWN FAMILIARLY FOR MANY YEARS AS "THE ILLUSTRATED."

A retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and prints representing the work of Miss Anna Airy, R.I., R.O.I., R.E., was opened in the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, on October 10 by Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy. The show is in the nature of a Jubilee celebration, for Miss Airy, who studied at the Slade, won the Slade Scholarship in 1902, and the Melville Nettleship Prize in 1900, 1901 and 1902. She took all the Slade first prizes for

portraits, figures and other subjects. Miss Airy is particularly successful in her water-colour studies of children, and her recent work also includes studies in this medium of fruit, flowers and hedgerow subjects. She first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1905, and has had works hung there regularly ever since; and is represented in public galleries in this country and in Australia, Canada and New Zealand. She was president of the Ipswich Art Club in 1945.



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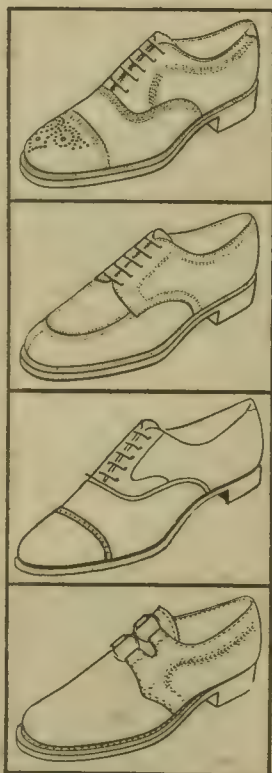
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The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

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“They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. And when on dry land they held it in their hands they gazed at it with stupefaction.”

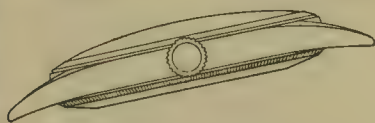
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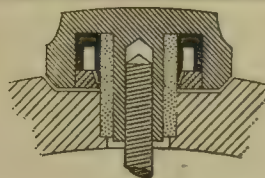


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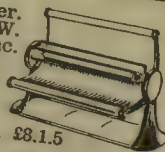
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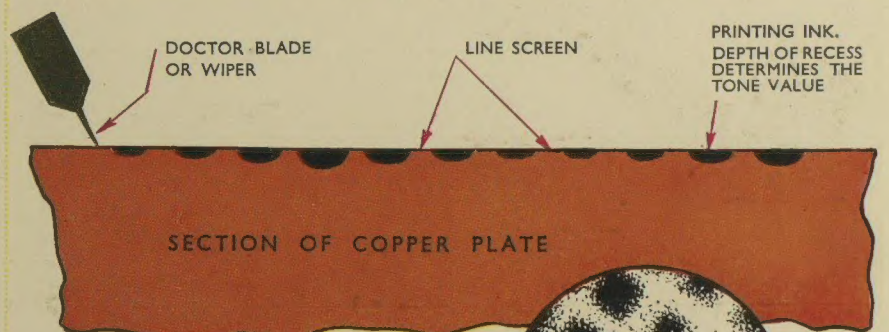
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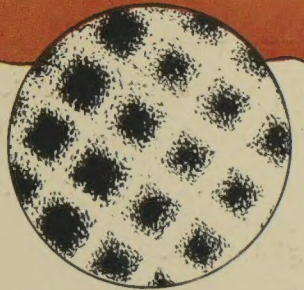
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